



APDA THE

The Amateur Press Association
for and by
the Members of G
(well, sorta...)

APA-TECH

17
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February 1982

THE 555 TIMES #17

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Shalmaneser: Greg Ruffa

Inigo Montoya: Marty Franz

Table of Contents

Cover - Blue Ridge Nebula / Dexter Dickinson via Captain Al	1
The 555 Times / Shalmaneser	3
Transporter Topics #14 / Rod Smith	4
The National Noid / Kip Williams	8
Compressed Verbiage / Dave Levine	10
Rabbit Runes / John Frambach	2
This Title Temporarily Closed for Renovation! / Al Duester	4
You Can't Fire Me - I Quit / Gretchen van Dorn	2
All Space Available for Rent / Doug van Dorn	2
Sing Ho! for the Life of a Bear: Chapter Five / Paul Gadzikowski	4
General Tektonics III / Jeff Sekiya	2
Morning Perspectives / Bill Leininger	4
Rabbit Diesel Corona / Dick Smith	8
Dr. Gonzo's Extravagant Extrapolations / Valli Hoski	4
The Mubetan / Mike Bentley	10
	<hr/>
	68
	= 4 x 17

ADDITIONS TO APA-TECH 16

LOCs Without the Bagels / Al Duester	2
Young and Abroad In the Solar System / Mike Sestak	7
101 Ways to Say "I Don't Know" / Rolf Wilson	5
My Blood Runs Cold / Angel Insley	2
	<hr/>
final tally:	78*

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*if Incorrect Thoughts #6 did come out...

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Live from Baskone!

First, I'd like to welcome Messrs. Flynt and Frambach to APA-TECH and welcome Mr. Williams, whom I've been persuading to send us something, back to the fold (thanks for the contribution and I hope those ribs heal soon...). Next, I'd like to thank Cap'n Al for the really spiffy cover: between that and the great majority of this issue's items being Xeroxed and/or word-processed, this rag is getting to look disgustingly PROFESSIONAL! But am I complaining?

Many esteemed members have been crab-, er, commenting upon the lateness of issues and have been calling for strict adherence to what few formal rules we have. Rather than boot people, which I'm hardly empowered to do anyway and, as a fellow procrastinator, am hardly able to justify morally, I would like to suggest unburdening GTB by rotating the editorship among Renee, Marty, and myself. I am willing to do two, or possibly

three issues a year, depending on how the editorial staff wants to divide the ordeal. I hereby volunteer to compile AT #19 or 20 if GTB really wants to do the Third Anniversary Issue. What say? See, maybe one can work for change within the system. (Otherwise, next time I'm calling in an air strike...)

A few folks are DOUBTLESS wondering what happened to their stuff. Wellll, a few days before I came up here, our beloved Xerox 4000 copier at Glenwood blew its brains out. The repairmen (this turned out to be a Two-man job) had the machine in pieces all over the floor for the rest of the week. To save postage for those of you getting this relayed through Boskone, all of the already-copied material is right here and a shorter "Xerox crap-out" issue will reach you in less than a week. For those of you that I have to mail this issue to, you'll get the whole thing at once and will never see this paragraph (heh heh)...

Boskone is loads of fun so far. Occasionally, we've even been there. The hotel is pretty ritzy (as compared to the Ritz-Carlton, which is further downtown) and doesn't often see scruffy types like us - they'll live through it, though. We're off to Woods Hole this Saturday afternoon, if the Flying Eggplant cooperates, so I'll sign off here. Send your next works to GTB and do send her some covers. Be seeing you...

Randomly,

Shel

TRANSP¹⁴ORTER TOPICS

Rodford E. Smith
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This is being started January 11, and I hope to have it finished in a couple of days.

MISCELLANEY

The photo in my last issue was supposed to be labled "Before." Also, I seem to have skipped numbering these things for the last few times. At my best estimate this is #14. The picture, by the way, was taken a few years ago by my sister, who is something of a camera bug. She caught me early one morning before breakfast, back when I had a beard.

A consortium of business people is seriously thinking about buying the fifth orbiter, which of now is only tentative. They figure that by going in with NASA on the contract they can get a good deal, while the government may actually get a price break if two orbiters are built in series, instead of as single buys. If the deal goes through construction could start in just a couple of years. News courtesy of Aviation Week.

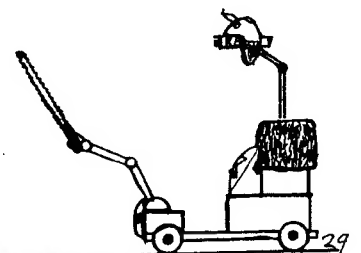
Also in this issue are a couple of computer generated and Calcomp plotter drawn plots of the statewide and nationwide links of the traffic model network upon which I work. Impressive, ain't it?

Have any of you out there been watching a strange something called the Kenney Everett Video Show? This is part Montey Pythán, part Benny Hill, and quite a bit original. My favorite parts are the Captain Kremmen segments, usually animated but sometimes staged as live skits. Imagine, if you can, a combination of Star Trek, The Six Million Dollar Man and Star Wars. Wierd, but funny. Everett has actually mentioned Benny Hill several times and the Doctor at least once.

Railroad tracks pass right through the heart of downtown Frankfort, just a block from the building where I work. I was just coming back from lunch the other day, when I spotted a train. I walked over to watch, and was astounded to see a string of tank cars carrying methanal, caustic soda, LPG, and some other goodies. I was just thniking how dangerous this was, when what should come along but three flat cars loaded with large metal bins labeled "Danger: Uranium Hexafluoride" on their sides. A derailment could have wiped out all of downtown frankfort, contaminated the Kentucky River (an important drinking water source) and rendered several square miles uninhabitable for the next several months to decades. And yet, the people in my building who deal with train matters tell me that this is a common thing.

You Say You Want A Revolution

What would it take to revolutionise space travel, and turn it from an expensive property of the government into something more like general aviation? A new miracle fuel? Maybe, but most high energy fuels are also very hard to handle, as the Germans found out with some of their rocket planes during WW II. Some new principle of physics? Antigravity would not be all that great, since we don't have energy sources potent enough to lift to orbit unless we actually burn fuel in some way, which would just give us a very efficient rocket, and maybe not even that, depending on how the device works. Okay, how about a really good bet, Engineering. Engineering? Sure. The main reason behind the success



Barbarian Robot with
Light Sabre (Mixed Genre)

Dear Subscriber:

Space Van. Transpace Inc., created in 1967, has made several proposals for orbital transports which could be launched from a typical airport. One of these was an advanced-technology winged orbiter that was designed to launch from a standard runway. The orbiter, powered by cryogenic engines similar to the Space Shuttle Main Engine, would have been supported during its horizontal takeoff run by a large, rocket-powered sled mounted on a number of specially-designed tires. Now, Transpace Inc. has developed a concept for a smaller and much less expensive method for opening space to commercial payloads.

The system, presently called "Space Van", is a small, fully reusable, winged orbiter fueled by liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen. It would be launched from the back of a modified 747 jet, much like the Space Shuttle Enterprise was dropped for its first simulated landing tests. Again like the Shuttle, the Space Van orbiter would perform its mission, then reenter and land on an airstrip. Small, reusable drop tanks (mounted on the orbiter under the wings) would be required to attain orbit. The orbiter would be approximately 70 feet long and 50 feet wide, most of that being liquid hydrogen tank. It would be powered by six Pratt and Whitney RL-10 rocket engines, an "off-the-shelf" LOX-hydrogen engine with reliability and performance proven on the General Dynamics Centaur stage. Payload would be approximately 2000 lbs. into low earth orbit. Unlike the Shuttle, protection against reentry heating would be accomplished by an all-metallic heat shield system.

According to Satellite Week (Oct. 19, 1981), development costs would be around \$500 million, with cost per flight of about \$250,000. (This includes \$87,000 allowance for recovery/return of investment.) Satellite Week is somewhat skeptical about the approach, but then the publication, although interested in the subject, is generally skeptical about prospects for success in most aspects of private space flight. Their claim is that "no real market has developed beyond that already committed to traditional launch vehicles for routine business in space." It should be pointed out that before the first commercial electronic hand calculator was put on the market, there was as yet no real market beyond that already committed to multi-million dollar computers for electronic aid in solving mathematical problems.

One hopes that Satellite Week, a publication aimed at a major group of potential launch vehicle customers and/or investors, will be more encouraging towards private efforts, since their opinion may affect the success of ventures like Transpace's. (More to the point for them, a successful private space effort would probably allow lower satellite launch costs, an increase in satellite builders and designers, and a resulting increase in potential Satellite Week subscribers.)

Advertising sells!

Rent this space and make at least
twice what you spend, or we'll
sincerely apologize.

of the Shuttle is the engines. The fuel and oxidiser are still hydrogen and oxygen stored cryogenically. Those engines, though, are more efficient and pack more power for the weight and volume than anything similar previously used. And they are the results of engineering development. Someone said something last issue about newscasters always saying that "NASA scientists" were working on the problem, while it is the engineers who actually do the design work based on research and creative thinking. Okay, so how can engineering help get us into space? The development of better engines. The development of better structural alloys, so we can build stronger and lighter. The development of practical, inexpensive space transportation systems to cut costs. OTRAG is an example of the latter, as is that California rocket group. These people are not working with state of the art, they are using known technology to create a cheap way to get into space.

Unfortunately, engineering is less subject to sudden developments than science in general. Since it depends on so many different disciplines for its background progress comes in small steps. How many bridges of radically new design have you seen lately? Indeed, the main source of major engineering developments is the human factor, when politics or economics gives impetus to engineering projects. So, if you want to get into space hope for a surge of interest V Congress or industry.

from

TECHIE'S BURDEN

Being one of the few technical people in my office has its problems. Whenever something goes wrong with the copier (a Kodak) they often send for me, even though, I am not the key operator. My boss even goes so far as to have me make all his copies for him. It also means that I am sometimes asked to fix calculators and what should be done about radios or TVs at home.

Then there are the times when I spot things that irritate me. The copier is left with three sheets of paper in the drawer. Calculators are left on all weekend, and terminals have their brightness controls left all the way up, so that the words "KENTUCKY STATEWIDE NETWORK AVAILABLE" are etched on the glass. All part of the price of being one of the elite, I guess.

ENTSMAILINGCOMMENTSMAILINGCOMMENTSMAILINGCOMMENTSMAILINGCOMMENTSMAILINGCOMMENTSMAILINGCOMMENTSMAIL

Al: Welcome aboard, both here and at your new job. Which, by the way, sounds like something from one of Clive Cussler's science adventure novels. Fascinating tale; I'm a little bit envious. (This from a guy so non-adventurous he packs pajamas for a camping trip.) My boss is also from India. He speaks better English than some of the secretaries here.

I like those component cartoons. Yeah, I'm familiar with Swiss Army knives, but don't carry a pocket knife at all. Galileo has been reinstated but may take longer to get there since the Centaur booster to be used by the Shuttle has been cancelled.

It is rappelling, not repelling (though that may be a matter of opinion).

Cover: Like it! Two for one (although one is not fully revealed).

Singing Ursine: A fellow Who fan! Do you read The Deffinite Article by Don and Maggie Thompson? I used to belong to NADWAS, but when the show vanished from the local station let my membership lapse. Just didn't seem worth it anymore. That owl looks familiar.

There is a zine similar to Vootie called The 5000 Fan of Dr. T. This concentrates on art from and about Japanese cartoon or comic characters, especially those of Osamu Tezuka. Original characters are allowed, but usually have a Japanese flavor. I've only seen a couple of issues but they were good.

You bet the good doctor can go anywhere/when. He even wound up in my Traveller game. Since none of the other players knew who he was I had a ball!

Tailfin Fetish: Sounds like a nice vacation, Bill.

Re yr cmt Valli about Denvention parties: you too, huh?

High Voltage Evergreen: Only one problem with a sideways zine. The stapleing blocked some of the lines.

High Altitude Keith: Thanks for the info on Mrs. Niven. "Kick the bucket----." Say, Keith, how about the two of us getting together sometime for some Karate practice. I'll show you quite a few kicks. "Passive" sensors are those which don't radiate, such as light amplifiers or heat detectors. "Active" sensors are things like radar and shortwave IR devices.

Except for the winding stream MSU sounds a lot like the University of Ky campus. UK has the advantage of being right in the middle of Lexington, a around sixty to eighty thousand population. Unfortunately, Lexington fandom is very small, and has sponsored only a couple of tiny relaxacons.

Officer Earthquakes II: I'm begining to feel the same way about Niven. The last third of Ringworld Engineers (I seem to be using that word a lot thisish) was disappointing, and in his short stories he seems to be just coasting. Those are some strange apostrophes in your typeface.

Octal Space Path: Its not just me. No one in my family has had a serious injury for years. The last time was when my sister got hit by a car while she was walking along a street on the UK campus. The car cost almost as much to repair as she did. My whole family seems tougher than average. A doctor once bent a needle trying to give my father a shot.

Yes, epoxy glue. Hoby stores, especially those that sell RC model airplanes, should have everything you need to get started. Just be sure you get the slow cure epoxy, since the 5 minute kind tends to set in the cup if you are slow. Another word of warning: some people are sensitive to the chemicals.

Octal Space Path cont.: True, current guns and rifles do a good job, but there are drawbacks. Recoil, muzzle flash, crosswinds all play hob with unguided projectiles. Despite this, a good marksman with a rifle and scope to match can put a round inside a head sized target at a thousand meters. Someday, though, we may see sniper weapons of this sort replaced by infrared lasers or something similar, with assault rifles and combat shotguns kept for close combat. One use for a maser rifle would be to detonate explosives. I once invented a weapon for a science fiction story which was a gas dynamic laser fueled by solid hydrogen chips and helium flouride crystals. The gadgets came in all sizes but were usually reserved for small, easily concealed pistols. Because of the distinctive sound they made they were called snap pistols. Deadly little things, with quick, narrow beams that could punch through an inch of steel.

That is all of the mailing comments this issue, but I do still have a few things to talk about. One of those is music. I recently obtained an album of The Planets, by Holst. Most of the pieces are nice, but one, "Mars, Bringer of War", is incredible. It has a dynamic, pounding beat, and every time I hear it I see some great war machine, something like the planet killer from Star Trek, wreaking havok on some helpless human fleet. Funny the images that music can summon.

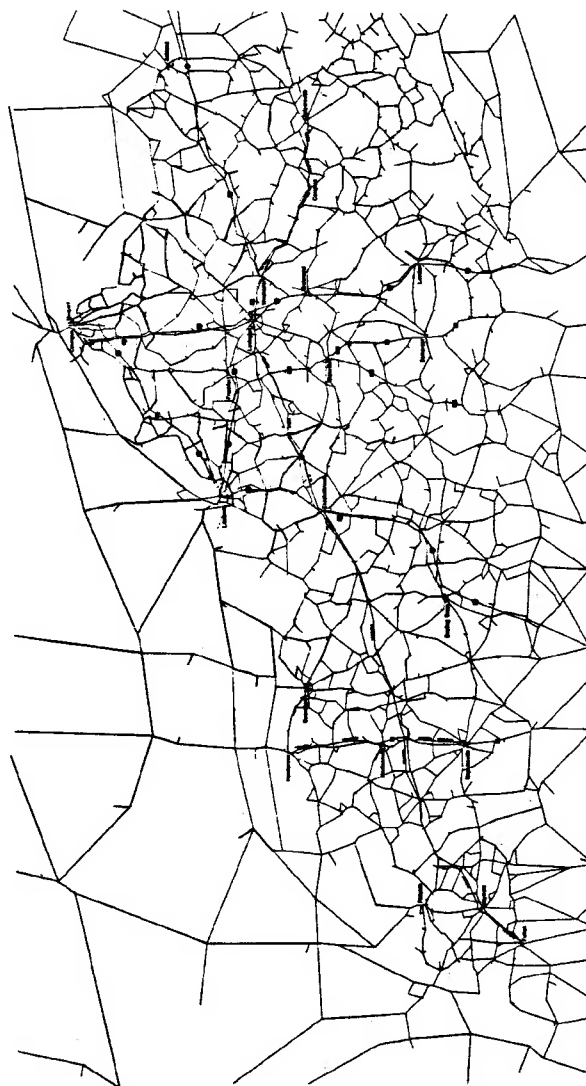
I also just finished Fuzzy Bones. Not a bad book, but personally I didn't put it in my keep pile. Tuning does a good job of copying some of Piper's flavor, with what seems to be a touch of Doc Smith thrown in, but his style needs more polish, and his writing is a bit crude in spots. Not a great book, but

a must for Fuzzy completests.

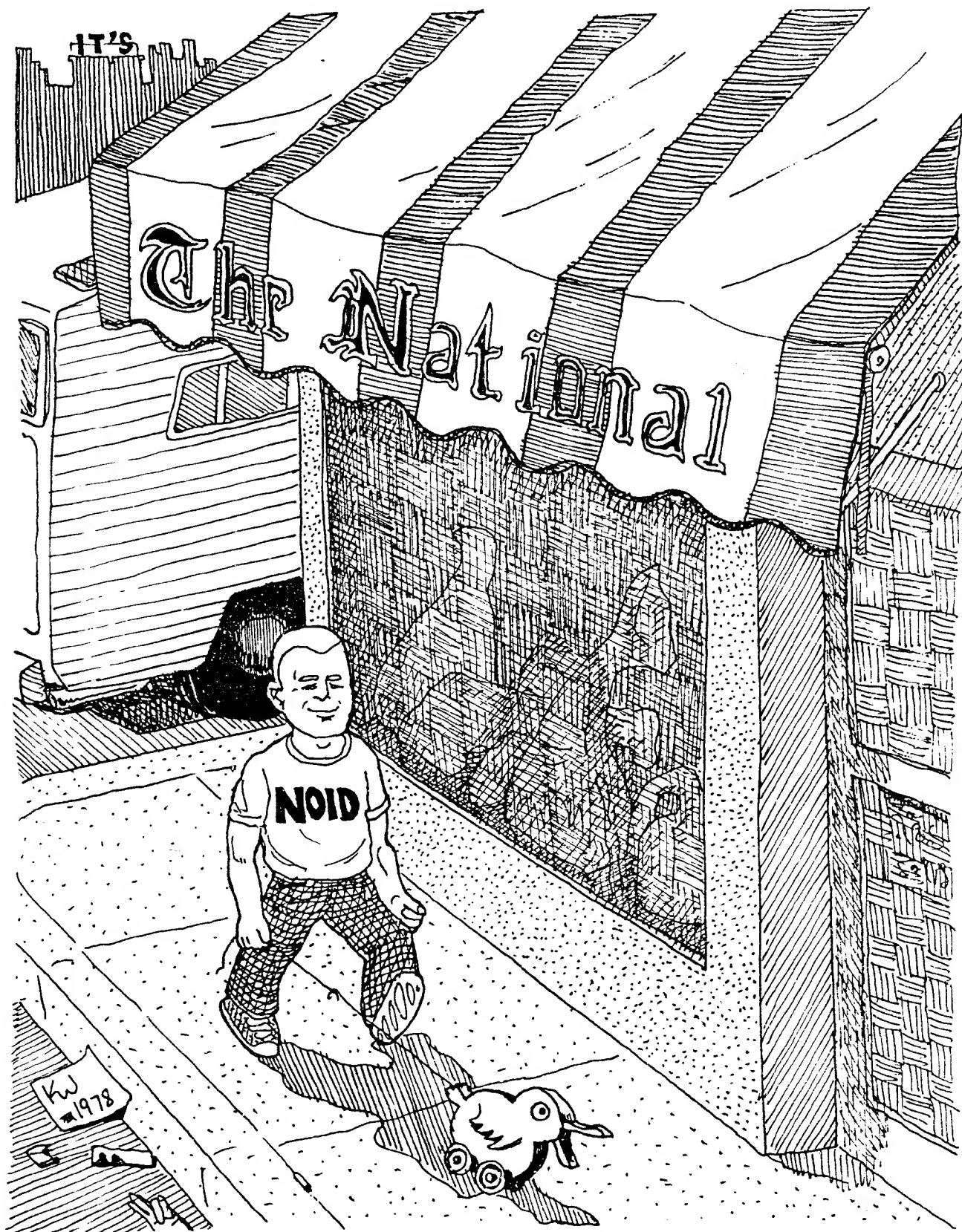
KENTUCKY
STATEWIDE TRAFFIC MODEL
KENTUCKY, ADJACENT STATES &
NATIONWIDE NETWORK



KENTUCKY
STATEWIDE TRAFFIC MODEL
BASE YEAR (1970) KENTUCKY NETWORK



a four page zine!



THE NATIONAL NOID #2

formerly The National 'Noid

Kip Williams • 213 E. Main St.
Statesboro, GA 30458 • (912) 764-9851

Well, here it is the night before Christmas, and all through the house all the creatures are moving with the possible exception of the mouse, which hasn't yet put itself into the mouse trap we got today. Caesar, a small grey-striped Kitty, is on temporary loan here, and has already shown an amazing lack of aptitude for mousing. He'll be here for a long week. So far, he shows more energy than sense. He's nearly box-trained, too. Usually doesn't go more than a foot from it.

Cathy and I are watching an old documentary on the shroud of Turin. One scientist experimented with freshly amputated arms to check effects of crucifixion. To my regret, he was never shown in action, getting permission from the arms' owners: "Excuse me, you're probably still a bit groggy, but would you mind terribly if we took your old arm down to my lab, so we can drive a nail or two through it? Oh, thanks. Just sign here—oh, I'm sorry. Well, just make a mark here. Thank you so much." And the guy says "No problem. Glad to lend a hand."

I started this issue more than a year ago, before entering school. Somehow, I seemed to lose time to work on the NOID. Instead, I was acting in a play, working as a radio announcer, making prints, taking piano lessons, getting jobs on the school and city papers, doing publicity drawings for the college, working an office job, and other foolishness, including restoring a piano from poor condition to mediocre condition (I'm not through with it yet!).

Pages 2-5 are all "old"—set up by me early in 1981 in a valiant, doomed effort to get out an issue. I looked them over to see if they were dated, and found them to be just as dated now as they've ever been, so I'm running them.

REAL-LIFE ADVENTURE dept.:

Cathy and I slipped on over to the shopping mall here today. The automatic bank spontaneously gave us an extra five bucks (reversing the bank's normal policy of stealing our money), presumably as a late Christmas present (a Christmas Past present?). Flushed with wealth, I entered the mall pawn shop and found a record I've been after a long time, on which Gershon Kingsley plays the music of Gershwin. It's an entertaining collection of screwy noises, well worth the two dollars. (For more on Mr. Kingsley, see p. 3 col. 2) The only thing that was really hard to take was a voice that spoke Porgy's line at Crown's death. It didn't seem right. The high point of the record is the performance of Rhapsody in Blue, in which Kingsley is joined by pianist Leonid Hambro. A little too much synthesizer, one or two odd cuts, but that's 'Entertainment' for you.

While at the mall, I did more homework in my never-ending study of animation. As it happens, the kiddie-rama cartoon projector by the drugstore was out of order, so I trudged past the folks dismantling the holiday season's booths, past the mechanical Santa Claus, to the other booth in the department store. Some kid was in it already, so my quarter and I had to loaf around the store entrance, unconvincingly pretending to examine the shiny new car left in the mall to impede traffic. I could just imagine them thinking I wanted to molest the kid, and calling someone for help. After some considerable time had passed, the reel ended. Naturally, the woman was now firmly loitering by the booth, chatting. And the kid wanted another cartoon. Fortunately, she didn't get one. I parked myself in the tiny structure. Moments later I was joined by another moppet; a boy-child. Not one for dog-in-mangerism, I let him look in at the antics of Woody Woodpecker. My kindly act didn't seem to suffice for this tiny esthete, who actually suggested I go watch the electric Santa Claus while he watched Woody.

I ignored his tiny presence for the remainder of the cartoon, a rather dull late-50's UPA-look tale.

FIN

OUT OF THE **ETHER** SHORTWAVE NEWS

Well, gang, the hottest thing on the shortwave dial nowadays is **sunspots**. You say I am mixing singular and plural? Ho ho, I say, laughing. Plural they may be, but they are singularly inescapable. The most prevalent sound on the SW spectrum is not endless industrial code, not unintelligible single sideband hams, not even the steady parade of seconds, minutes and hours from good old WWV (which originates in good old Ft. Collins, Colorado... sigh). No, the thing that blankets the upper ether is a tiresome, eternal crackle, which only the strongest signals penetrate: The strongest signals, and a few lucky enough to bounce off the stratosphere or ionosphere or something and hit my radio.

As a result, the line-up of stations on any given night is a little like the cast of **Star Trek**: There's about six big stations that are there every time you tune in, then there's the "little guys" with unfamiliar names and voices that you just know won't last the evening.

One of the 'regulars' of shortwave is HCJB, the Gospel Station of the Andes, from Quito, Ecuador. Usually, once I know I'm listening to it, I will move on to Radio Moscow, or BBC, or catch some of the latest from the Top 40 of Bulgaria, but once in a while, even HCJB has a program of such transcendent interest that I would be doing all of my readers a genuine disservice were I not to share it with them.

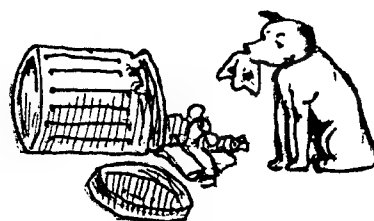
Keith Stuffins was the genial, British-sounding host of "Hobby of Kings" (0500 GMT). If the title is not enough to fully describe the show, it's a Christian stamp-collector show! Since I tuned in after it started, all this information came to me a bit

at a time, all I knew at the outset was that the fellow seemed to like envelopes. He said that it is often worthwhile and interesting to rummage through the dustbins at home, school, and the office. By gosh, the things you find... (it was here I found he meant envelopes)... he has one that was addressed to some fellow in Philadelphia USA with no less than nine interesting little messages stamped on it pertaining to its undeliverability.

Three of these are purple (including that familiar little hand we've all seen), two of them document its trip through East Falls Station.

Then there's the New Zealand envelope with three quaint octagonal hand-stamps... oh, Keith waxed ecstatic. I also learned about the exciting world of "Cinderella Philately" i.e., collecting stamps minted by private concerns, like the carriage stamps from Britain's famous Slate Caverns. They go on the envelope with regular stamps, and you can mail them from the far inside of the cavern. SOME FUN, EH? At the end of the show he tells us about how stamp collecting is like Christ's ministry on earth, or the Lord's word or something (theology isn't my long suit). Anyway, it was a heck of a show.

Stay tuned to this column for more thrilling reports of the exciting world of short-wave radio! You'll get the outside scoops from Moscow that tell you what's REALLY happening in the U.S. (I'll bet you didn't know that Carter lost the election because of his reactionary boycott of the Moscow Olympics!) All this and Radio Albania too, in the next installment (or maybe the one after) of out of the ETHER. Until then - over and out!



"HIS MASTER'S GARBAGE"



A horse is a horse... of course, of course... and the most famous of all talking horses was the late, great Mr. Ed. A Golden LP called **Straight From the Horse's Mouth** is, to my knowledge, the only album Ed ever made, is even more unique in that the voice on the album doesn't really sound exactly like the Ed I remember. As a matter of fact, he doesn't even sound like a horse!

The album, however, is more full of laughs than a 1967 Jimmy Olsen comic book. It opens promisingly with an egri-gious rendition of the Mr. Ed theme song (vocally egrigious: the accompaniment is in the wonderful xylophonic Golden Records tradition), after which "Ed" introduces "The Singers" (called "The Stable Hands" on the label), whose role on the album is to help Mr. Ed lead us through a breathtaking recital of the most irrelevant and/or banal "Facts You Never Knew." These range from listing all the animals (and insects) they can recall in a seemingly endless song to Mr. Ed's ancestor-aggrandizing paen to "That Historic Force, The Horse," set to a tune from "H.M.S. Pinafore."

The Ed Voice (not to be confused with The Equus Noise, by the way) is one of the compelling features of this strangely appealing force. It seems to suggest a stocky, middle-aged basso, wearing a striped suit and a straw hat, with a thin moustache on his curling upper lip, with eyes that roll suggestively whenever his voice slides at the end of a llllline.

The record ends in an abrupt, crazy tangential way. Suddenly Ed is in a rocket ship at Cape Canaveral, the chorus counts down, and that crazy voice, growing faint, moans: "But how do I know that somebody up there lllllikes meeeeee..."

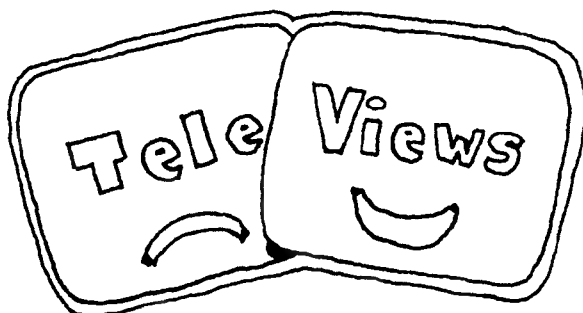
TODAY, I was fortunate enough to bag a brand-new copy of Vanguard's **The IN sound from WAY OUT**, sub-titled "Electronic Pop Music of the Future created by Perrey-Kingsley." Friends, this record is a lulu. The date of the record is 1966, back when sandwich coins and zip codes still seemed novel and somehow temporary. The state of electronic music up until then was fairly high brow, in the form of harsh, hostile sounding dissonances by avant-garde composers; queeps, pops, glorps, twangs, and nasty buzzing noises in a seemingly endless void did little to ingratiate electronic music (apart from Wurlitzers) into the hearts of America.

It's not surprising, then, that electronic noises were used for spooky sci-fi effects. A theremin is more expressive than a musical saw, anyway. It's even less surprising that when Hanna-Barbera wanted to represent pop music on *The Jetsons*, they'd use 60's (early 60's) party music with crazy noises tossed in.

Which reminds me of this record: It can't be beat for crazy noises. Gershon Kingsley not only used the resources of electronic music but added taped baby gurgles, rattle noises, water sloshing and more in an infectiously rhythmic madcap muzak romp that is tops for party play. With such titles as "Spooks in Space", "Electronic Can-Can", "Jungle Blues From Jupiter", "Computer in Love", and "Barnyard in Orbit", among others, this record will restore your sense of wonder. You'll wonder why this sounds so much keener than, say, the work of Tomita.

Okay, so maybe you won't. I don't know. But if you do wonder, it's because the sense of fun in this is more pronounced. There's less self-conscious button-pushing and more good-time loop, like old lra lra strings used to play: just like Muzak would be if it had a soul.

Of course, we in the 80s know already that the pop music of the future will be some harsh, dissonant noise with all the hostile posing of new wave and the vacuity of bad disco, but as long as we have records like this in our collection, what matter that to us? ■



It's amazing, sometimes, how many people in this world have absolutely no interest in TV Wrestling. Lucky for me I'm not one of those, or I'd miss some of the most amusing programming ever seen.

Roddy Piper (Roddy, if you're out there, I hope I spelled your name right) is one of those chosen to be a "heavy" in the drama of the ring: That is to say he fights dirty when the referee isn't looking. I like old Roddy, primarily because he wears kilts between fights and almost always precedes his entry in the ring with a bagpipe solo, which always causes the announcer to say that the tune "gets longer every time." Ordinarily, he lets his tag-team partner do all the talking, but once, he said a whole lot, and I'd like to share what he said with all of you.

The scene is in front of the NWA logo, where wrestlers sound off on their opponents and matches—which, by the way, is the best part of the show. The moderator, an unspectacular individual, sets the stage for Roddy to come in, then contributes practically nothing of note to the proceedings.

Enter Piper, wearing a tux top over his kilt, carrying a gift box, instead of the pipes. "Today," he says, with an air of sorrow, "I have tragic news. Rick Blair is dead. He's dead, and..." (sudden exultation) I DID IT! No more of that 'HOOOOO!'! No more of that stuff about... how skinny my legs are!" He laughs like an insane wimp, and rants about the match, and winning "the belt," a handsome thing, with a big metal map of the continental US where a buckle would be.


Rick Blair enters, right on cue, acting rather subdued

and watching silently as Piper taunts him madly. Roddy picks up the gift box. "Here's a present for you. It's something you always wanted—haha—and you couldn't get it for yourself, and I want you to have it!" Blair, who is sort of the "Good guy" here, keeps silent and looks grimly at the box.

"Come on, open it! I want you to have it now!" Piper presses, "Now I don't need it any more, and I want you should have it!" Blair, suspicion personified, sullenly removes the top and takes out the NWA TV belt, as Piper continues to laugh and rant.

Blair finally starts talking. Piper, he says, never appreciated the full honor of the NWA TV belt. Also, says he, "I have some money, and I took some of it and bought time on this very TV show." Piper wilts as though he's just had a crucifix pulled on him. "All the folks out there," Blair declares, "are going to see the film of how you stole that fight. They're gonna see what you did! And I've got something of yours from that fight!" He brings out a set of brass knucks, from which Piper shrinks. Blair is rolling now. "I've got more class than you'll ever have in that rented tuxedo, and I'm gonna prove it right now!" He peels off his sport coat, which he tells us is a \$400.00 sport coat, and rips it to pieces, then in high triumph, turns to the wall, and lets out several loud "HOOOOO!"s, of the sort Piper detested, and stalks out, having outclassed his hated enemy.

Piper shucks the tux, and is about to pull it apart, but stops abruptly. "Oh, ho. I ain't stupid enough. Let Blair show his 'little film,' and you can all watch how I won that belt. I don't care! I'm the greatest!" With this, he also leaves the stage. The film, naturally, shows Piper employing various reprehensible maneuvers which the referee never seems to see. It is, all in all, a good match in terms of teamwork between Blair and Piper, now applying an atomic drop, or leapfrogging one another, or grimacing as if in pain, or smacking the mat for sound effects.

4 Still, the interview was the best part. 

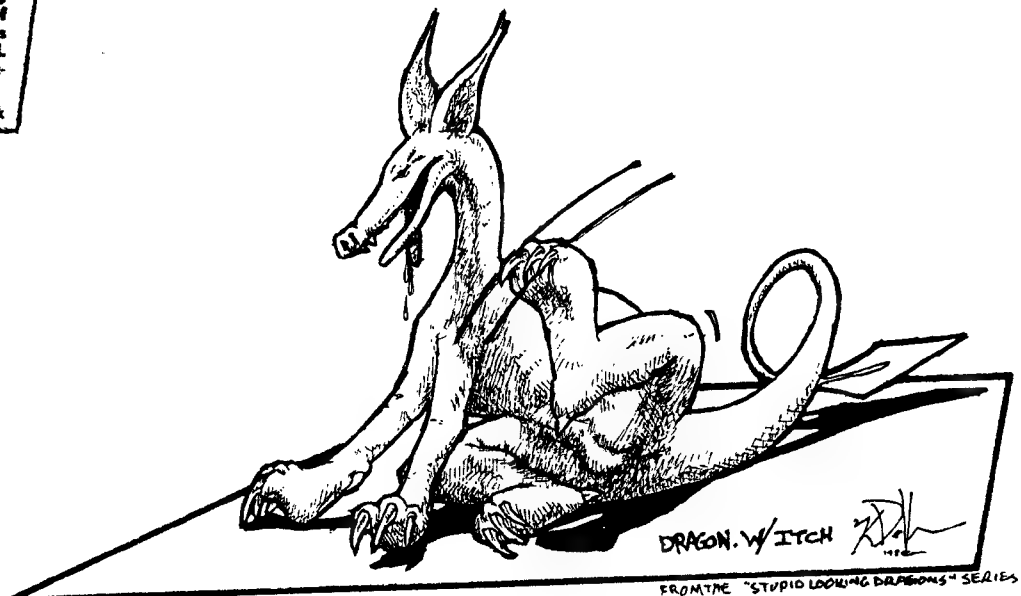
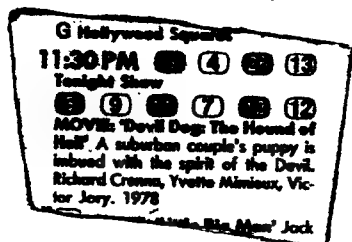
NOID GALLERY |

THESE DAYS YOU CAN'T TELL
THE BOYS FROM THE GIRLS!



©opr 1980 Williams

HUMOROUS POSTCARD!
CAN BE XEROXED, CUT OUT & GLUED
ONTO A POSTAL CARD & SENT TO A FRIEND!
(HINT: DON'T GLUE IT ON THE "STAMPED" SIDE.)



You're Getting This Because:

- Just lucky, I guess!
- You offended me once, and this is cheaper than a cask of Amontillado and a bunch of bricks.
- We put one ape at one typewriter, and within a half-hour, he'd typed your name and address twice!
- I'm responding to your scurrilous missive.
- I'm trying to provoke a scurrilous missive.
- It was my wife's idea.
- You sent me something about ten years back and I've been burdened ever since with a vague feeling of obligation.
- I hear you have a puppy.
- I hear you have a conary.
- Other (unspecified)
- You live(d) in Colorado.
- You were in AZAPA.
- You are/were in SLANAPA.
- You are Gordon Garb.
- It's easier than writing a letter.
- Human error.
- Other (specify): _____

A BRIEF ^{dull} OVERVIEW OF THE NOID

Let's see, it's almost 1982. Six, almost seven years ago; well, six; I was put on SPECULATION (ominous word) for AZAPA, one of those crazy amateur press associations. After a couple of months of bewildered reading, I made my first attempt at amateur publishing with a mimeographed issue of "The National Noid". Time passed, and I kept on doing apazines. Changes occurred now and again, such as when I stopped using a typewriter (some time after I forsook dittos for facsimile reproduction from typing and art).

Along the way, I was fired with enthusiasm to make the NOID (by now bereft of apostrophe) into a non-apa'zine. After several years of encouragement from friends (none of whom is any too regular in his own publishing), I've decided to give it a go.

I decided that mundanity is the wave, not only of the future, but of the past and present as well. For this reason, the leaflet you hold in your hands is a mundanezine.

Catherine Doyle
Kip Williams
213 E. Main
Statesboro, GA 30458

PLACE
EXPENSIVE
STAMP
HERE

FIRST
CLASS

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

THE NATIONAL NOID • A MUNDANEZINE by Kip Williams
with additional art by Ken DeVries
cover recycled from a 1978 issue,
otherwise this'd never get out.

COMPRESSED VERBIAGE

(Being an attempt to put a lot of information onto a little paper in the hope of saving money on repro and postage, while at the same time making up for not having had a proper zine in about four issues, by

David D. Levine
6926 Millbrook, Apt. 203
St. Louis, MO 63130.

Intended for APA-TECH 17, Feb. 1982, all other things being equal. Typed using WordStar version 3.0 (now with SpellStar and MailMerge) on a Scull computer, featuring the amazing capabilities of the Epson MX-80 F/T printer, with Special Guest Terminal DEC VT100.)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Here it is APA-TECH 17, and me with time on my hands. I had intended to have a nice fat contrib for lastish, but I had this slight problem with schoolwork. You see, of my five classes only one had a final exam. All the rest had final projects or papers, and one had two final projects. And wouldn't you know it, the one exam was at 1:30 on Windycon Saturday! I could have taken things a bit easier if I'd been willing to stay at school a few days after that, but I wanted to see some of Windycon at least. In any case, there was no room for apahacking between studying for that exam, a 15-page Japanese History paper, a 42-page Architectural History paper (it didn't have to be that long, but it seemed to demand it), Anthropology readings, my final Architecture project, and my Architecture portfolio. You may have heard the term "pull an all-nighter." What I did was virtually to pull an all-weeker!

Anyway, right now (Jan. 6) I'm at home. I'm typing this on my father's computer, which is identical to mine but has a different terminal and printer. I enjoy the VT100's professional style detachable keyboard and such features as inverse video and descenders (you don't realize how nice descenders are until you've lived without them: they're the little things that hang down below the letters g,j,p,q and y, and many older terminals don't have them.) I am going to try printing this "two-up", in two columns of compressed text, which will allow me to put about

one and a half times as much text on each page without the trouble and expense of reduction. Hopefully, it'll be readable. Comments are welcomed, even requested. If this experiment succeeds, you'll be seeing more like this from Your Only Friend and Humble Narrator.

Speaking of printers, I have now turned in something in the neighborhood of 100 pages of material printed on a dot-matrix printer (see Back Under the Arch for an example) and have gotten no comments on it from any teacher. I would have expected something, perhaps even accusations of cheating, but nobody even mentioned it. I guess computers are accepted now, even in the liberal arts.

Enough computer stuff. Having bashed my little body to pieces in the last weeks of classes (I got 3 A's and 2 A+'s, though. No flup!), I relaxed hard at Windycon (thanks to Rolf for the room, thanks to Bill-El for... well, you know). Leaving my exam at about 3:00, I grabbed a handful of fudge and dashed northwards on I-55, only to encounter icy roads from East St. Louis to Springfield. I pulled into Chicago at about 10:30 Saturday night, only to realize that none of the info I had from Windycon said where the hotel was! The only address I had was "One Illinois Center" (or something equally informative) which gave me little help. Fortunately, I remembered that last year I had walked across the bridge to the McDonald's in the Wrigley Building, and the Wrigley Building was marked on my map (I think it's a historic landmark). Navigating to the Wrigley Building, I eventually found myself in familiar territory and made my way to the Infamous Hyatt Valet Parking Garage. Since I saw no other place to park (besides, who'd park and walk with suitcases at 11:00 PM on a Saturday night in downtown Chicago in December?), I gave my car to the loving hands of the valets (hearing it screeech down the ramp, horn blaring) and made my bleary way up the escalators, across the lobby, ~~over the river and through the woods~~ to the con suite, when who should I run into (thump) but Mike Bentley!

Mike guided me to the GT party (in the hall?), dropped my coat and baggage in Alice's room, and left. I don't think I saw him again all con. After a hearty chorus of "I didn't know you were here", I found a room, moved my stuff there (with a "hi" to Alice's mom on the side),

ate some irregular chocolate-covered cherries, wandered around a bit, and finally dropped off about 4 AM. Sunday morning was like all con Sunday mornings. I found myself with a couple of riders to Milwaukee (saving on gas costs, at least) and didn't have to wait more than a few minutes for my car. Despite the short time I actually spent at the con, I do have a Con Story. Unfortunately, I don't really want to put it in print. Bill-El knows it.

NEW FACES OF 2640

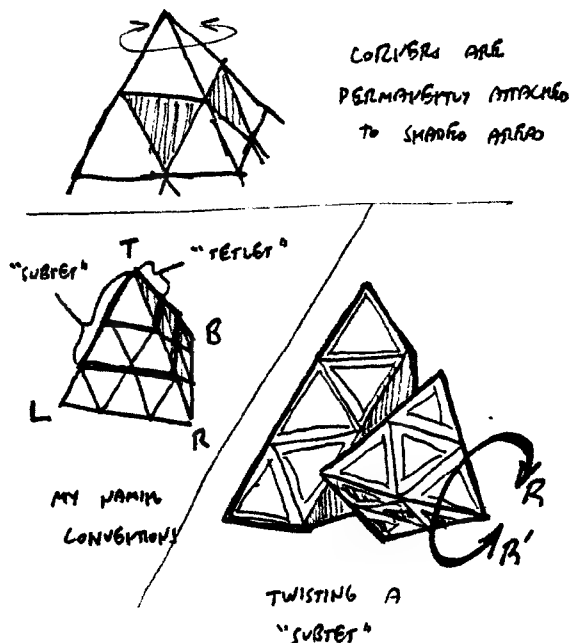
There is one thing of interest to GT types which I can relate, however. On Sunday morning I saw a Super 8 film based on The Handicapped by Larry Niven. Sound and color, about 30 minutes long, produced by some St. Louis high school students. (They had put out a call to the SF club for cast members, but I had been too busy at the time.) Although there were some nice effects (the transfer booth effect was quite nice and the orbiting ramscoop motor was well done) the acting was abysmal and the filmmakers made some inexcusable changes in the story. Examples: a minor point in the story is that the two main characters pick up some girls in Cziller's House of Irish Coffee. In the film, it becomes an excuse for a couple of high school students to act drunk and make fools of themselves for five minutes. In the film, the scientist at the Down Institute of Knowledge, when asked such questions as "but how come there is no excrement around the sessile Grog?", responds "Gee, I never thought of that." This is supposed to be the planetary authority on Groggs? At the end of the film, the guide (who has a moustache that comes and goes) has to point out to the main character that the Groggs are degenerate Slavers (in the story, of course, he figured it out for himself). There is also a confusing and unnecessary dream sequence. Overall rating: two stars out of five.

CROSSING THE RUBIKON

I have had hours of fun since I've been home fooling with a couple of new Rubik's toys: Rubik's Snake (actually, I have a cheap Taiwanese copy: the instructions said that "any shapes can be made unlimitedly") and Rubik's Tetrahedron (A.K.A. Pyramid, Ali Baba's Puzzle, the Puzzling Pyramid, etc.). The Snake is tons-a-fun. It's not so much a puzzle as a plaything, an executive tension reducer, an occupation for busy little hands. I have discovered one of the most compact

possible nontrivial shapes (it has no holes and no concavities and is not flat) and a couple of interesting modular designs, as well as the usual animals (Scotty dog, turtle, worm). I recommend it for techies with idle time who don't want to get into the ramifications of group theory.

The Pyramid is like the cube, only easier. Note that, since the little tetrahedrons at the corners are permanently attached to the adjacent little tetrahedrons (call them "tetlets"), they are never more than a simple $1/3$ twist away from proper position and can be effectively ignored.



Taking this into account, there are only 8 possible moves at any given point (consisting of giving the Top, Left, Right, or Back subtetrahedron ("subtet") a $1/3$ clockwise or counterclockwise twist). These eight moves can be called T, T', L, L', R, R', B, B'. Note that, for example, $T''=T$ and $T'''=T'$. Compare this with the 18 possible moves at any point in solving the cube (R, R', R'', L, L', L'', etc.: I denote R-squared as R'' because I don't have superscripts). I can solve the tetrahedron in 20 minutes or less, and will present an essay on how to solve it if there is demand. One thing I haven't been able to figure out is how the damn thing works! I know that the large ones are at least partially held together with screws, and my keychain model becomes harder and harder to move the farther it is from its starting position, implying that it is held together with strings which twist up as you twist the puzzle. I haven't yet had the guts to pry mine apart.

READING IS FUN!

Since I got home I have been doing a little reading of stuff I've been waiting to read for years, stuff I really wanted to read ages ago but never got around to it, and stuff that caught my eye in the bookstore. A sampling follows. These are not really reviews, just observations.

DUNE by Frank Herbert: I may have read this a long time ago, but this is the first time I've read it and remembered. The characters are great and Herbert gives a great sense of history-in-the-making, but the ending was disappointing somehow. I'll read the rest of the books soon. **QUESTION TO THE GENERAL POPULATION:** what is it that makes a good character anyway? I've heard that a good character is one whose actions you could predict outside the context of the story, but very bad stereotyped characters would also be easily predicted. Is there a simple test for good-characteriness?

SANDKINGS by George R. R. Martin: A great collection! Buy it! Read it! Then just try to get to sleep that night (heh heh heh...) Martin is in the great tradition of Poe, who may be referred to as "the Uncle of Science Fiction." I understand the title story won a Hugo. Many of these stories are set in the same universe (at least, the names of the planets and alien races are the same) but it is not nearly as coherent as Niven's (or even Alan Dean Foster's, for that matter) for some reason. **QUESTION TO THE GENERAL POPULATION #2:** what makes a good future history? Is Heinlein's better or worse than Niven's? Foster's? Piper's? (on organization alone) I define a "future history" as a related series of short stories and/or novels taking place in the same fictional universe but taking place at different times and not all involving the same characters. The *Dune* series and *Cities in Flight* are series, not future histories. A series, however, can be part of a future history (E.g. the Beowulf Schaeffer stories within *Known Space*). (These two questions have been inserted to make sure this remains a science fiction zine and doesn't turn faaanish - ed.)

THE ARBOR HOUSE TREASURY OF GREAT MODERN SCIENCE FICTION: One of the best collections ever. A great one to hand to someone who hasn't read much SF but wants to get into it. This is the 10% that isn't crap.

STRENGTH OF STONES by Greg Bear: Overall not too shabby, but might not be everyone's cup of tea. I bought it because it dealt with the impact of architecture on society. A colony

world is populated by living cities, semi-organic entities programmed to care for their inhabitants in every way. Unfortunately, they have been programmed by Christian, Moslem, and Jewish religious fanatics and eventually they decide that everyone who is too sinful to be allowed to threaten the population should be expelled. Eventually the entire population is expelled to the surface of the planet. This takes place some hundreds of years before the main action, which is not quite as interesting to my mind as the premise. Things pick up when a simulacrum of the original architect is revived by one of the cities. He had had his body and memory recorded so that he could "visit" his creation after some centuries to aid and advise the descendants of his original clients. My recommendation is that you pick it up and leaf through it before you decide to buy it.

GET TO KNOW YOUR ROBOT

Movie review time. A "little" film which you might not have thought was worth your time, but is, is *Heartbeeps*, with Andy Kauffman (of *Taxi*) and Bernadette Peters as two high-end robots with a little too much emotion in their AI circuits. The time is 1995. Basically things are the same as the present, but cars are smaller, drinks come in bags instead of cans, and household robots are all the rage. The action takes place in and around the GM Robotics plant somewhere in California. Kauffman and Peters are in for repairs and software upgrades, and Kauffman (a valet-companion 'bot with specialized programming in lumber futures) decides to explore the woods near the plant, taking along Peters (a poolside-hostess 'bot with extra charm circuits) and a mechanical contrivance called Catskil, which tells Borcht Belt jokes by Henny Youngman (really!) accompanied by a built-in rimshot generator circuit and optional cigar unit. Kauffman and Peters fall in love and build an offspring, a lovable collection of spare parts called Phil who would be the pride of any techie's basement. Suffice it to say that the four runaway robots have many misadventures while being pursued by a misguided, overzealous police-state killing machine called Crimebuster Deluxe 007 who has many of the best lines in the film.

What makes this movie special is that it is a little film with a big-film budget. The robots are all superb: the two main characters have amazing makeup jobs which make them look just how I imagine a robot made by GM would look, and the

others are all first-rate mechanical devices. Phil, especially, is just as cute as a pushbutton and works like many projects of mine. Throwaway bits like Coors-in-a-bag that no little studio could have afforded enrich the film tremendously. Like The Phantom Tollbooth and A Wrinkle in Time, this is a work for children which deserves to be seen by adults.

(FLASH: Roger and Gene panned it. But I liked it. -ed.)

JOHN CARPENTER?
I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!

I also saw Escape from New York for the first time. This, unlike Heartheeps, is a big film with a little-film budget. Clever use of "computer animation" sequences kept the special-effects budget down and the "look" of the film up. All in all, it was about what I expected: a brash, fast-moving shoot-em-up with a thrill a minute, wry humor, blood, guts, and...plot? What plot? I'm glad I saw it but I wouldn't see it again. The music was pretty good, though. (I only put this review in to justify the title above - ed.)

ENOUGH OF THIS ALREADY!
HOW ABOUT SOME MAILING COMMENTS?

Well, all right, if you insist. It's true, I have a stack of APA-TECH stuff about an inch thick here to comment on. I'll start with A-T 16 and work my way down.

MAILING COMMENTS FOR APA-TECH 16

COVER: I presume this is a view from the inside of an elevator car on its way up to the stars. Is it also your prediction that APA-TECH will soon come in cans?

SING HO! CHAPTER TWO: I read most of "Dr. Who and the Energy Beam" at Mary Jean's on New Year's Eve. Great! Is that "To Be Continued" at the end just to fit in with typical Dr. Who format, or is there really more to come? I also like your cartoons. As my Architecture teacher might say, they "have a nice gesture." I saw the Han Solo videogame cartoon there as well. (I see that I failed to mention above that I went to a New Year's Eve party at Mary Jean's. There I met Bill Roper, among others, and picked up a \$40.00 parking ticket. Ouch!) I was so impressed and nostalgified (?) by your Winnie-The-Pooh cartoons

that I was moved to write something along those lines. Unfortunately, I was reading Godel, Escher, Bach at the time, and the result was...well, here it is. I doubt it would be properly appreciated anywhere but right here in good old APA-TECH. I call it

CONTRACROSTICUS

in which

Achilles and the Tortoise meet Pooh

[Achilles and the Tortoise are walking in the Hundred Acre Wood, when they see a cave with a sign over it.]

Achilles: Look, Mr. T, a cave with a sign! How very odd!

Tortoise: Let us investigate. It's not very often that one finds such signs of civilization in this wood. I hear it is inhabited exclusively by lions and tigers...

Achilles: And bears? Oh, my!

Tortoise: Do you see that gold lettering on the sign? I wonder what it says.

Achilles: No doubt it says "THIS SIGN IS NOT SELF-REFERENTIAL." It would be typical of the author of a story like this to throw something like that in.

Tortoise: Achilles, I fear you have been eating too much pushcorn again! It seems to say "MR. SANDERS", only one of the S's is backwards. How very peculiar! I suppose it could be interpreted as a label for the occupant of the cave, since whoever goes within goes under the name of Sanders.

Achilles: Egad, Mr. T! However would one extract the actual identity of the occupant, if everyone in the cave goes under the name of Sanders?

Tortoise: No problem at all, my dear friend. The "actual identity" of the occupant is Sanders. Any label is as valid as any other when applied in the proper metasystem.

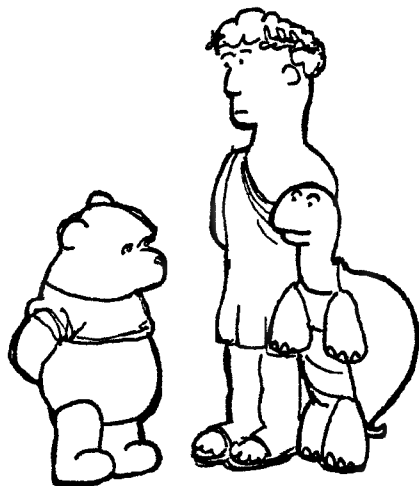
Achilles: Of course, one question still remains: what if there is more than one occupant of the cave?

Tortoise: Obviously, we should proceed within and discover the result of such a condition ourselves.

Achilles: To pass up such an opportunity would be dreadful. However, once we have entered, I believe I shall continue to call you

"Tortoise" as a sort of nickname, to prevent confusion.

[Achilles and the Tortoise venture within. There they encounter Pooh.]



Pooh: Really, gentlemen, the least you could do is ring the bell. Or, if an answer is not required, you could knock.

Achilles: Are you Mr. Sanders? [He is rather nonplussed.]

Pooh: Er, no. Although I go under the name of Sanders, I am actually Winnie-the-Pooh. You do know what that means, don't you?

Achilles: Yes, now I do, I think. (Besides, I believe that is all the explanation I'm going to get.) The question in my mind is: how can you be a Winnie or a Pooh if you go under the name of Sanders?

Tortoise: Well, Achilles (you don't mind if I call you Achilles, Mr. Sanders, just to keep things straight?), it seems obvious that the identity of the object is unaffected by the label which is appended to it. A rose by any other name, and all that.

Pooh: Excuse me, Mr. Tortoise, but I am also Bear, Edward Bear, Pooh Bear, Winnie-the-Pooh, F.O.P. (Friend of Piglet's), R.C. (Rabbit's Companion), P.D. (Pole Discoverer), E.C. and T.F. (Eeyore's Comforter and Tail-Finder)!

Tortoise: Now there is a perfect example of many-onto-one mapping. As my good friend Mr. Hofstadter might point out, Godel numbers could be assigned to the various labels of our friend Mr. Sanders in a one-

to-one correspondence with the members of the set of...

Pooh: You'll have to use more simple concepts, I'm afraid. I am, you see, a Bear of Very Little Brain. In fact, I would really rather avoid such matters completely. Would you like to have some tea and honey instead?

Achilles: Positively! Mr. T?

Tortoise: Perhaps I could be persuaded to join in, although I do enjoy a good metaphilosophical discussion. Tomorrow I may visit my friend the Crab and see what might have happened if the discussion had continued, on his SubjunctV.

Achilles: Am I mistaken, or is that an original Escher on your wall, Mr. Sanders? It seems familiar, but I have definitely never seen it before.

Pooh: He did it especially for me. It is entitled Drawing Paws.

(That may make this the longest mailing comment I've ever written, but like all my MC's it was for everybody...especially Rolf and Greg and that crowd.) Re yr CT me (whose? Oh, yes, this is a mailing comment to Paul..), Social Darwinism was a misguided scientific movement of the 19th century whose main argument went something like this: "Since, according to Darwin's theory, only the fit survive, therefore those who are surviving the best are the most fit. Those who are barely surviving deserve to die off, and it's a mad scramble for existence between those remaining." Bad though this is, its main difficulty is that it was applied to social organisms as well as biological. The "British Race" was deemed inherently superior to the Indians and Chinese because they were "more robust, more intelligent, and had a higher standard of living." Therefore, they felt not the slightest compunction against moving into India and China and mercilessly exploiting them. The same arguments were even used against the lower classes: they were in poor conditions because they were inherently inferior in the struggle to survive, and the upper classes were obviously superior because they were doing better. This was used to rationalize away any need for social reforms. It's things like this that give evolution a bad name.

SH!FTLOAD CHAPTER FOUR: I hope to see you at Capricorn, really I do. I've always wanted to work with Moebius Theatre. Lucky dog.

TRANSPORTER TOPICS: So that's what White

Rabbit Syndrome is. Generally I find that when time runs short, something else crops up and I don't do a zine at all (viz. lastish). "Icateroids"? Nice touch. I love neologisms. Re yr CT's me: Still no more info on the laser wound thing, but I can say for sure that the differences between the thing that hit that poor fellow and a surgical laser are equivalent to the differences between a scalpel and a drop forge. Whether or not the computer system you are running on is antiquated, your job still sounds like the sort of job one should have in Futuristic Nineteen-Eighty-Two. I have sort of gotten off sugar (not to mention salt) recently, and your comments remind me of a correlation I only just noticed: you may recall that I munched a handful of fudge on my trip to Chicago. I did not eat again until dinner, after which I felt a bit woozy. I had blamed it on road food, but I now realize that it was a case of Sugar Shock!

TAILFINS ON 'EM AGAIN: (I use zine titles rather than people's names because they specify at a glance which issue as well as what person I'm talking about.) It's been a long time since I found myself with that much time on my hands and no TV or books. You don't suppose poor Percival Lowell was looking through bushes when he made his great "discovery"? A Polka Mass? One problem with popular religions (such as Christianity) is that there are enough people in them to support almost any splinter group, no matter how offbeat. Imagine, though, what the Polka Mass-ers would think of "Home on Lagrange" with its lines about zero-G sex! Naval Intelligence? Sounds like less of an oxymoron than Military Intelligence, at least... I see you have procured The Devil's DP Dictionary. I have a copy here (it's my dad's) and may quote a bit from it later (or earlier...word processing creates strange pagefellows). I find it amazing and impressive that, after five years (+ 2) the Cray 1 is still state-of-the-art, only now being joined (not supplanted) by the Cray 2, in the fastest-moving industry in the world today. Recently one of my father's students, who works for a company which I don't think I should name for security reasons but which does MASSIVE amounts of number-crunching, came by with some areloads of impressive graphs. He said that his division uses two Cray 1's and is just (or soon will be) installing the first of the Cray 2's...and still needs more power!

HUGOS THERE

Hugo stuff, as promised: I would think that the following are worth nominating at least, but I'm not sure of eligibility, and some of them I sure wouldn't vote for. The important thing about nominations is that you send a message to the publishers that Author X writes possible Hugo material and is worth publishing...this helps keep Author X in business (I think that's a nearly direct quote from you, Bill).

I would second your nomination of The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy TV series for Dramatic Presentation, and would add Heartbeeps (sure, it's not Good SF, but it's enjoyable), Escape From New York (this is one of those I would not vote for, but I think John Carpenter deserves notice), but not Outland or Superman II. If The Empire Strikes Back is eligible this year it's sure to win it, but I wouldn't vote for it. It was good, yes, but suffers from middle-of-the-trilogy syndrome. Raiders of the Lost Ark just ain't SF. If it gets a Hugo I'll scream.

For short fiction, I would nominate "Silicon Psalm" although I thought it was a little too sweet, basically because Jeff is a friend of mine and I want HIM to stay in business. "Guardians" by George R. R. Martin is one of my favorites for this year (it was the cover story in Analog this year, but I don't know which one), along with "The Looms of Thessaly" by laser expert David Brin, whose fiction I recommend greatly. (This story was the cover story of Asimov's in the last few months.) Also in Analog, perhaps in the same issue as "Guardians", was "A Tangled Web" by Joe (Jack?) Haldeman(n?). Track down this story and read it, laugh, then nominate it. Far too little humor makes it onto the Hugo stage. Orson Scott Card's depressing short story "Unaccompanied Sonata" appeared in Omni this year, I think, and certainly deserves the nomination if it's eligible.

Nonfiction: haven't the foggiest. Does the Space Shuttle count as a nonfiction event, nominatable for the Hugo?

Fan writers and fanzines I just don't follow. I fear that Pyro has too limited an appeal to win, although we might just get it on the ballot if we really push hard. Dick Smith's objections to lobbying are valid although overly emphatic. The problem with Pyro as a Hugo-winning fanzine is that the only subscribers are

members of a limited group. Pyrg is hardly ever even seen by the general fannish community. Many have never even heard of it, or of us.

Artists: Chris Cloutier is going for it and I for one will vote for him (again, because he's a friend...substitute Artist X for Author X in the sentence above). Joan Hanke-Woods doesn't have a Hugo yet? For goodness sakes, let's give her one! For pro artists, I nominate Wayne D. Barlowe (Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials was his first publication and he's gotten much better since then) and Darrell K. Sweet. I like his style, and I'm surprised he's not better known. He did most of the Well of Souls covers and the latest Lord of the Rings covers...however, I don't like his Tolkien stuff as much as his hard-SF stuff. He's done the covers for most of Hogan's novels, coincidentally. He has an unparalleled talent for doing aliens exactly as described in the text, but he still has problems with composition. Let him work on it. Another pro artist who deserves recognition is Janet Aulisio (who?). She has done some interior illos in Analog (including "Guardians") and illustrated Hal Clement's newest book, The Nitrogen Fix. She has a unique style and is very good.

THE RETURN OF TECHIE COMPUTER NETWORKING?

Thought I'd get your attention with that title. The secret to getting the fun times on TELENET back together may be a network called DEAFNET. This is, as you may have guessed, a service primarily for the deaf, but as near as I can tell from perusing the documentation it's open to hearing people too. Don't worry about stealing from the handicapped, either. Although the rates are low enough already (\$4.00 an hour at off-off-peak rates from 9 PM to 7 AM every day, which is when most of us would be on anyway...daytime rates are \$14/hour and evenings and weekends are \$7/hour), the deaf get a subsidized break of 50%. Access is apparently through TELENET. Minimum charge is \$5/month. This is not as good as the old system based on Jeff's account, but it may be the best thing running. If there is interest and people are willing to pay, I'll call them and see if what we want to do is legal and ethical. If you want info yourself, write them at

Deaf Communications Institute
at DEAF COMMUNITY CENTER
Bethany Hill
Framingham, MA 01701

Enough for you, Bill. I think I wrote as much to you as I did to Paul. Now on to...

SMITH'S RABBIT: What an odd title. Is this another allusion to the famed White Rabbit Syndrome? Or just because of the car? I've already complained a lot about "alot", so I won't belabor the issue here. I agree with your nomination of Soul of a New Machine for the Nonfiction Hugo, although I haven't actually read it yet. Short zine, short MC.

DR. GONZO'S ECTOPIC ECUMENICA: Nice format concept, but it should have been printed so that it was read from the OUTSIDE of the zine (i.e. staples at the top). On the other hand, that was probably the collator's fault. You DO need bigger top & bottom margins, though (top & bottom of the text, sides of the page, I mean). I hear that a shadow APA may have to develop to take the load off Windyapa's waitlist. True? Does it need an OE? Am I nuts enough to do it?

I also missed Mike and Alice at Chambanaccon. It seems I was just really getting to know them when they moved away. Double agree with your comments on GTB getting the zine out late and then wondering why so many minacked or didn't contribute. I ALWAYS write MC's to everyone if I write at all, and I try never to RAEBNC. One result of this is that I sometimes (like every other issue, lately...) don't write at all, rather than not MC someone. If you have trouble with horror, don't read Sandkings by George R. R. Martin. Most of the stories in it are both good SF and good (by this I mean effective) horror, especially the title story.

FITPL: Sounds like a stardrive of some sort... I read the L.A. Times review of Oath of Fealty with trepidation. I will wait until this one comes out in paper before I read it. If accurate, this review is bad news. Feel free to jump in and answer others' questions if you feel qualified, for it may provide additional information (always to be desired) and wastes nothing but a little time and paper. I never remember who I asked what (as you may be able to tell, my MC's are merely more natter-like rambling, only triggered by the comments of others. (When I say "natter", I mean "that portion of an apazine which is not composed of mailing comments, colophon, or illustrations." (I picked this usage up in the now-comatose APA:DAVID, and don't know whether this is general APAese or not. (Notice that I always nest my parenthetical remarks with care. (After all, someday I may want to learn LISP!))))). I have never yet voted for the Hugos, because I have

GENERAL TEKTONICS: I also was inconvenienced by Windycon's scheduling (see above). Even at that, I was lucky. Saturday was the second day of exams, and most of my friends had exams on Monday or Tuesday, some even as late as Wednesday the 23rd. If one friend hadn't dropped a course, she would have celebrated Christmas on the train: she has a 3-day trip home to Walla-Walla, Wash. ~~add Wallawalla~~ and the course she dropped had an exam late on the 23rd. I hope they'll move it back to October this year. I need a break at about that time of year!

THE EIGHTH ORBITAL: Inigo Montoya I don't remember, really, but he was a character in John Brunner's Stand On Zanzibar, I think. In the same novel, Shalmaneser was a supercomputer and G.T. Buckfast was the president of...General Technics! Yes, this is the book to which we owe our very title. The reason nobody told you is probably that we all assumed Renee would explain it, and she didn't for one reason or another. Sorry. For info on fiberglass working, try hobby shops, auto shops, or possibly boat shops. You can get small kits with a little (under a square foot of) fiberglass and all other materials which are intended for patching up rusty cars. Having used one for that purpose, I wouldn't want to try to make anything creative with it. It is rather difficult to work with unless you have a mold.

Backus and Naur? I thought BNF stood for Big Name Fan. Re yr CT Dick, when I worked with TECO last summer I would sing a little song under my breath about "little boxes made of teco-macro, and they all look just the same..." May I point out that an automatic transmission is actually a fluidic digital computer? The little balls and valves thump about from one position to another, not intermediately, as far as I know. What's a TIP? Do the guest accounts at MIT to which you refer have anything to do with ARPANET, to which I'm dying to gain access? Re yr comments re Chicon, I know a lot of people who have had problems, but I've been doing OK so far. They seem to have gotten both of my COA's and responded to them in reasonable time.

Most important, however, are factors beyond technology. The feasibility of a given technological device depends on far more than mere technical questions. Guns didn't replace swords as weapons of war until the advent of the mass production society. Armor was only important in a situation of one-on-one close combat. When the populace became important enough to have weapons of their own, knights became vulnerable to anyone and knighthood died. Compare the situation in medieval Japan, where guns were outlawed completely and a feudal

society thrived until Millard Fillmore's time. You point out that guns are so cheap and easy to build that energy weapons would have a tough time replacing them (for basically economic reasons). However, bows are much cheaper and easier to build than guns, yet they faded away. The reason lies in guns' superior power, and if lasers replace six-guns it'll be for a similar reason.

Another factor is availability of resources. Right now we are in a situation of cheap materials and expensive energy (the fact that we are trying to make fuel out of coal, soybeans, and "biomass" indicates this). Picture a situation (future or alien world) where materials are expensive and energy is cheap. An example is an asteroid-based society: the mass available for mining and manufacturing is low, and certain materials are scarce, but there are gobs of solar energy available to all for practically nothing. In a situation like this, to throw away an ounce or more of lead on the off-chance you might hit your adversary might be prohibitively expensive when compared to the cost of charging up a high-power laser pistol which can deliver the same amount of energy to the target in an equally destructive fashion (not to mention higher accuracy). Laser pistols, using more glass (silicates) and less metal, would also be much cheaper in such a world.

A word on the above, though: these are all justifications for laser pistols in fiction. The actual question of whether our children will have to worry about getting beamed down in the street (or corridor) will depend on the path of technology: whether cheap, light power packs become available, whether the problem of punching the beam through ionized air is solved, whether projectile guns become too expensive for some reason, or too easily detectable or too noisy for the given situation. I would certainly have to agree that beam weapons aren't a part of the most probable near-future scenario, but that don't mean we can't use them in our fiction!

YE OLDE QUINTESENTIALE SINGULARITIE: Please define "compulsory commons". What happens when society uses up ideas faster than they are invented? Take a look at television today and you'll see. (There is now a syndicated game show called "Battlestars", with a science-fictional motif.) Whenever someone points out such a possibility, I remind them of the Patent Office chairman who resigned sometime in the 1900's, saying that "everything has been invented."

I won't be at Boskone, as far as I now know. Have fun.

Re yr CT re, where do you get the 10% figure for the amount of solar energy intercepted by that "loose" Dyson sphere? I would accept that only a fraction of the trapped energy could be used, but I would imagine that a sphere 4.4 m thick would intercept more energy than that. This reminds me of the comment I read elsewhere that large, cool suns we have observed may actually be the exteriors of Dyson spheres, shedding waste heat. Thanks for the analysis of the idea, though. And now, it's time for...

SELECTED POSTMAILING COMMENTS (in no particular order)

SMITH'S CORONA (catsup issue): Re yr CTs me, I liked VT52 but I find WordStar preferable as an all-around editor because, as they say in their ads, "what you see is what you get". RNO does have several advantages (such as automatic footnoting and indexing) but some of the things I've done with WS would have been difficult to do with RNO, such as making space for illos (as you did on p. 7...was that through RNO?). Besides, I don't think there is an RNO for micros. By the way, MailMerge and SpellStar make WordStar more powerful still. I like APAs as opposed to articles (in Pyro or whatever) because I have to research and plan an article, but I can just sit down at a typer and bash out an APAzine off the top of my head, and I don't have to worry about whether I have Something Major To Contribute. Pollution models, eh? I have this vision of the Remco snap-tite pollution model, easy step-by-step assembly, no glue or paint required... the difficult part is keeping it in the package.

SCHOLASTIC SARGASSO: Best of luck. I'm searching (not nearly hard enough yet) for a job this summer, too. If you get any offers from the St. Louis area that you couldn't take, let me know... Re talking gizmos: I have heard that you can now order speech chips with your choice of a Japanese or Texas accent, but nothing else. (but seriously) some friends of mine had a chance to fool around with a Votrax Type'n'Talk, and discovered that its text-to-speech algorithm was slightly faulty, in places you would think they would have taken special care: for example, it pronounced "computer" as "com-putter"! What, I wonder, will we see when speech chips get cheap enough for GT?

Re the Leininger Challenge, I can't add anything to that. In the last week, Bonzo's co-star has gone back on his campaign promise to rescind draft registration (I'm dismayed but not

at all surprised); freed AT&T to split up into 23 separate companies, each with higher bills than before; driven unemployment to record levels (not all his fault? I don't know); stopped the antitrust suit against IBM (which causes more unemployment: there are thousands of government and IBM corporate lawyers on the streets tonight... they had made good livings for 13 years on that one suit); and allowed segregated schools to claim tax-exempt status (virtual government subsidy of racism). All this in one week! I am seriously disturbed at what this administration is doing to one of my favorite countries.

LOC'S WITHOUT THE BAGELS: Good job on another Personal Pyro. You seem to lead an exciting life. Do recall, however, that Triffids always go for the eyes, and for heaven's sake don't look at any green meteor showers when there's one around... I saw an article in the Milwaukee Journal about that flat TV. The interesting part is that it was virtually word-for-word the same, but quoted the price as under \$95 instead of under \$125. At that price, I just might buy it.

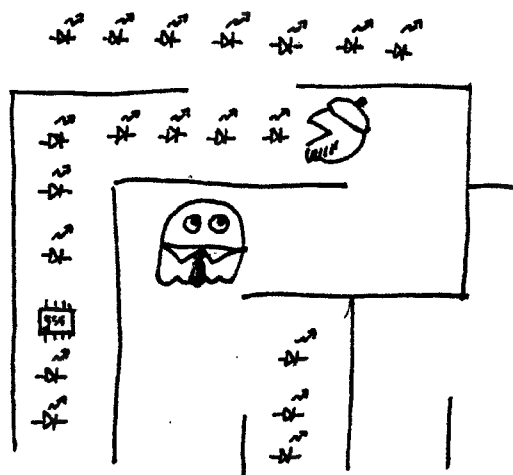
Re yr CTs re my CTs Theatre, (uh, wow, that was a few zines ago...) I cannot really say why Fandom is full of neurotic, misadjusted heterosexuals while the theatre is full of neurotic, misadjusted homosexuals, but I know it's true. Many of the theatre techies I hung around with in high school were also electronics types. For example, on one production where I was lighting designer and helped run the light board (you see, we had an autotransformer board: if you've never run one, suffice it to say that a single bank of three dimmers was six inches wide and three feet high, and it took three operators just to move all the handles for a complex cue), another operator borrowed the school's Apple II and programmed it to display the latest cue on a screen above the board. Not exactly a computer-operated light board, but better than scribbled pages of notes. One advantage to such a board was that, since it used low-level technology (and was old enough to be 'way out of warranty), it was repairable by high school techies. I knew that board inside and out. With SCR and other solid state boards, if something goes wrong you just replace it, or call the pros (too expensive to let the students fool around with even if they know what they're doing, you see). Not as much of a learning experience.

Fooling around with any laser at a con with a strict NO LASERS policy is a very brave ~~and~~

~~stupid~~ thing to do. I wouldn't, but if you did they probably couldn't do anything but throw you out of the con, I suppose. The anti-laser policy and its more virulent cousin the anti-weapons policy are spreading. Perhaps it's all for the best, though. We aren't the people who prompted these policies, and you're familiar with those who are, I'm sure. Unfortunately, we may have to pay for their indiscretions. I think I'd rather have a "no-assholes" policy, but that's impractical. If weapons become generally prohibited, I for one have options already. Right now I'm working on "augmented binoculars" like Luke had in Star Wars. Lots of blinkies in the viewfinder, and so on. Donna's Staffs of Ra are another step away from weapons, as are computers, robots, and synthesizers. Sure, ST has had a history of connection with weapons, but we've always had many other interests and this may provide an opportunity to point them out to Fandom at large. Probably even Isher can survive without making weapons, if necessary.

Sorry about the synthesizer chip stuff. At the moment I don't anticipate having the time to assemble such a thing, much less learn how to play it. Perhaps another year. I still owe you a piece of scrounge for the 12VDC to 120VAC converter you gave me last year (last year??). What do you need?

TEC - MAN!



I think that'll do for this. A few illos, some reformatting, a run through SpellStar, and it'll be ready to print out and repro, then mail, and then it'll be time to start on the next one. See you back on the Funway. (CapriCon? Who knows?)

David D. Levine

RABBIT RUNES

being muses generated at Rabbit Run for dissemination through APATECH by John H. Frambach, Sawyer, Mi., 49125

Outside my window a full moon is illuminating the snow giving the world that nether quality of black and white vision we can only obtain in winter. Almost a week has gone by since Confusion turned into Continuation by snowbounding the con in Plymouth, giving me an idea of what Monday morning at a con is like. Thinking about the con and watching the scenery, I have been overcome by the notion of meeting the February deadline for my introduction to APATECH rather than waiting until April. The concept of the APA is new to me, but I like it, so here goes.

By way of introduction I am a lifelong resident of southwestern Michigan, sought higher education at Michigan Technological University, have been associated with General Technics for five years and a member for about eighteen months or so. Specific details can be had in PyroTechnics #24 or if you can corner me (it had better be a large corner).

Now, on to matters more germane. Over the last eight days or so a nuclear power plant in Illinois has been the object of a mock rocket attack, Pallisades nuclear plant near South Haven, Michigan, has been shut down cold because the hydrogen cooling system for the generator's exciter blew up, and my own pet nuclear plant, the Donald C. Cook near Bridgman, Mi., has one reactor down for repairs. All in all, not a good week for the fission jocks around Lake Michigan.

Meanwhile, out in Rochester, New York, the Ginna Nuclear Plant blew a steam generator tube on January 25, which eventually resulted in radioactive steam being vented into the atmosphere and gained the event the title the "worst nuclear accident since TMI". And to make matters worse, around the time the tube blew, twenty farmers in Galien raided the-about-to-be bankrupted grain elevator. What?

Allow me to explain. The farmers did not use the "event" as a clever diversion to cover their raid, nor did they take advantage of the "event" and decide to raid. As a matter of fact, I doubt if these men even knew of the leak at the time because Galien is a small village about ten miles from here. But that does not diminish the importance of their actions. When the area farmers in Galien realized that the elevator was going under, they took it upon themselves

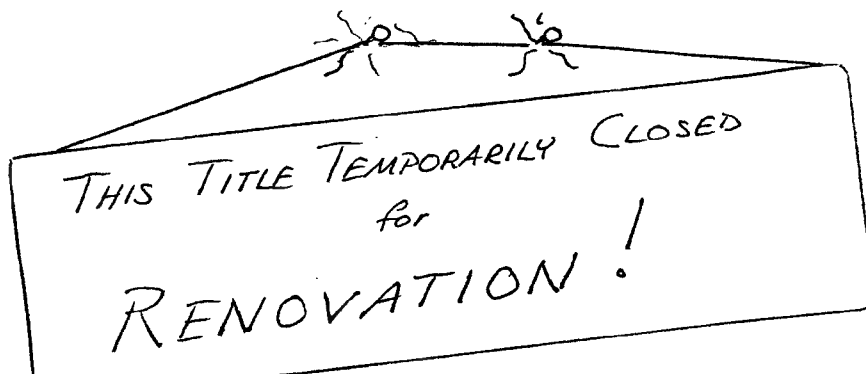
RABBIT RUNES
(2)

to salvage what they could of their unsold grain. When you lose fifty dollars on every acre of corn you grow at current market prices, it is very important to get full price on every bushel you market. At best, the farmers figured they'd get a small percent on the dollar, at worst, the grain would be held in the elevator until the bankruptcy was settled in court. You may be able to freeze assets, but grain rots.

As it turns out, the elevators accounts receivable were enough to cover the cost of the grain owed the farmers. But when the checks from the elevator started bouncing the previous week, there was no way they could have known, so they acted in a manner that would preserve their livelihood (save their skins until Spring).

At Zion Nuclear Plant in Illinois, persons claiming to be a radical faction of Greenpeace brought attention to what they perceived to be a danger to their livelihood. By firing illuminating flares over the plant and then leaving video tapes of the "attack" with several news agencies, the group hoped to prove how vulnerable the plant was. Yet their act was invalidated by the fact that six days prior a real rocket attack was launched against a fast breeder reactor under construction in France. The Soviet anti-tank weapon hit the containment building, but according to news reports did no damage. So it would seem that the "Zion killers" are barking up a wrong tree so far as external dangers to the nukes go. Considering a report showing 22 of 45 pressurized water reactors have noted serious rusting problems, the same type of problems that led to the Ginna leak and a leak at the Yankee Nuclear Plant in Vernon, Vermont, twenty-four hours later, there are still grounds for concern.

So, here we have two groups who have committed illegal acts in order to protect themselves from what they saw as dangers to their way of life. To the farmers the danger was real and immediate, liable to ruin them before next fall had the affair turned out different. The elevator owner says he doesn't blame the farmers and the matter has pretty well ended. In Illinois there is a group of people who could be prosecuted for a federal offense because they acted against a danger that is only vague and not really possible in the way they see it. At what point is an act of protection no longer justifiable? Or is any act that is illegal justifiable? As more people come under hard times in this country this could be a question asked by a lot of individuals faced with some hard decisions.



Gently filtered out of the cerebro-spinal fluid of Al Duester, this is his contribution to the further degeneration of Apa-Tech 17. The afore mentioned porpoise molester lives at 179 Woods Hole Road, Falmouth, MA 02540 (617) 540-3250, a stone's throw from Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute where he can usually be found till all hours of the night working on fiendish inventions of oceanographic or personal nature. The telly at work has a number of (617) 548-1400 x2421 and can be used to contact him at any time without fear of raising his boss' ire. Intensely personal contact may be strained by the close proximity of working acquaintances (but that doesn't mean you shouldn't try!).

Confusion having ended, it is once again time to step into the real world and get things done for deadlines. Having pre-mailed for AT 16, I am getting this done for delivery on the deadline to Greg at Boskone. Memories of Confusion are still ringing thru my head, so I will spill out a few of them onto this paper to make room for others to come in.

Those of you who weren't at Confusion missed out. On what I am not sure, but miss out you did. Ya see, a lot of snow fell on Saturday night with the result of having most of the Interstates and main roads in the area closed. This led to the rapid declaration of Confusion 12.51 through 12.99 by members of the convention doomed to the horrible prospect of having to spend yet another day in the jacuzzi and at parties in close contact with many friends. I think we enjoyed Sunday evening more than the rest of the con (at least I did - and I'm sure it wasn't due to buildup of fatigue poisons in my bloodstream).

Funny, I was hoping that an occurrence of such a nature should occur. Like many though, I failed to plan for the possibility of such a dream actually coming true. The end result is that my funding for Boskone will be cut by a bit. Not much, but enough to keep me going back to the Burger King across the street from the hotel more often than I'd like.

The trip to Confusion was made possible by the presence on a price war between airlines from New York to Detroit. I've been told that prices are now down to \$39 one-way! I stopped to visit my Grandmother before leaving for the con and then got a rude shock when I found out that prices were more than double what my travel agent had said they were for parking at LaGuardia. The 250 mile drive to New York was made worthwhile by leaving the airport in a cloudless sky and seeing the city at night.

If I am in a city of more than about 200,000, I feel like I am trapped in a zoo, with the wild animals around me ready to strike at any moment. The only city I have not felt like this in was Minneapolis. The animosity grows with the population, New York being the worst. I find that I get irritable unless shielded from the city by the convention surroundings. Living in one seems to be one of the hardest and most

painful things I could ever do. Nonetheless, cities do have much to offer that I want. The museums, concert halls, cons, scrounge shops - all contribute positively. But the slums, pollution, crime, crowding, and impersonality take much more away. In short, the city is one of the most ugly places I can think of to be.

I have come to find in the past few months since I have been able to afford to fly to conventions that the city as seen from above 5000 feet at night is one of the most beautiful sights I've seen. The amorphous freeway system of New York and the geometric precision of Chicago's roads like arteries of moving blood. The two-dimensionality of the city center with its skyscraper bundle rising in the distance - all combines to awe me almost into a trance. I end up staring out the window of the plane till my nose starts to hurt! I don't think I have ever had an experience that has made me feel so small and given me such a glimpse of perspective. I begin to understand just how effective a device such as the total-perspective vortex could actually be!

After being served small pieces of very light cake with the dinner on the flight back to New York (I was beginning to wonder if I'd entered the Twilight Zone!), I began to think of the amount of energy that had been used in the display that I had seen. To then multiply that by the incredible number of people on the planet and then by time was more than my mind was capable of comprehending. I got into a very philosophical mood on the trip back home. To actually feel like such a small bit in such a vast array - is it what some call a religious experience? Is it what the soldier feels when he puts country ahead of personal existence? I think I finally actually understand what the astronauts felt when they were out there looking back, why they all want to go back out there, and why I now want to more than ever. It's not a feeling of power or control or feeling better than those below you. It is a feeling of the possibility of becoming integrated but not lost, of growth without overextension, of being able to encompass more than what you are.

I assume that we all have periods of contemplation like that but usually don't come out and talk about them for fear of being called foolish. But to talk about feeling feels good, and I'm usually too shy to do so face to face. It becomes more like the process of thinking internally - conversing with myself - when I can do it on a word processor. All the goofs I make don't get the better of me because I can go back later and easily correct them. Then I can bring out things much more easily. Next time you see me try and help me to drag myself into more involved and personal conversation. I'll try to do the same with you and maybe we'll find ourselves understanding things a little better.

And this month's Emcees are:

Sing Ho!: Don't get down on Gretchen for kidding (you were kidding, weren't you Gretchen?) about you being a mediafan. Most of us, tho often too embarrassed to admit it, started out that way. Hell, I started the Star Trek club at Michigan Tech that grew into PFRC. How do you think I got the nickname Cap'n Al? (Yes, my private shame is now public, arghhh!) We all change in time, just remember not to get old as you mature. And there ain't nuthin' that says that you have to start hating Doctor Who - almost all of us still enjoy Star Trek reruns. It just seems, after a while, that we discover that there is so much more. Personally, I don't think that there is anything wrong with being a mediafan or a mundane. // If you get to Minicon, please bring some of your dailies. I didn't have time to look them over at Windy, and I'd really like to see a bunchathem.

Transporter Topics: Agreeing that there are a large number of people with hypoglycemia, I still feel that there are many who just eat too much sugar in their diet - like most Americans. The overabundance problem is not really a physical disorder but a dietary disorder. Go to your local library or any health food store and you can find jillions of books talking about the subject - many of them sensibly so. // Have you read the book Hammer's Slammers by David Drake? It is about tank warfare in the future after fusion power has done away with power limitations. If you haven't, grab it. I'm sure you would enjoy it.

Tailfins...: Wow! Hugel I had to set aside your contrib for another evening 'cause I didn't have time to read the whole at one time. // I was lucky enough to be able to take out the 6" reflector our high school had over a summer vacation and for a few months again in the winter. The backyard in Holland was not the best place for observing (because of several streetlights in the neighborhood) but I did manage to have quite a good time peeking at many of the brighter things to be seen. I was quite disappointed that Andromeda didn't look like the Kitt Peak pictures! Wanting to try some astrophotography but not having any equipment to do it with I took the lens off my camera, put the wide angle eyepiece in the scope, handheld the system in the best focus I could find with the SLR optics and did a series of time exposures. I actually got a passable (though

slightly fuzzy) slide with the moon filling most of the frame. // At Confusion, Dean McLaughlin had one of the most fascinating coffee table books I've ever seen. It was about 16" square, and had a price tag of \$75. I thought that it couldn't be worth that much until I opened it up and saw the full page color plates of nebulae. The title is "Universe" or some similar one word cosmic sounding title. Didya get a chance to drool over it? // Hearing about your friends was interesting. I never realized just how fascinating all my fannish friends were till I started telling mundane friends about them and seeing the reactions ("He builds what in his basement for a living?"). Do you find that it works the other way around just as much? I find that too many fans aren't really interested in the outside world and its population. Kinda sad re ct by Gordon Garb in the past. // re yr ct Valli re me (wuuf) I gave up scheduling my own berserkers before you ever got to Houghton! That's right (hee, hee) I have been underhandedly letting bunches of other people schedule them for me. I put Mary Lynn officially in charge of scheduling the next berserker out here (as of right now). Gonna come? // I had the same problem that you did of wandering around looking for "THE PARTY" at Denvention. The best solution to the problem is to decide before the con that you are the one who is going to hold The Party and tell everyone about it the instant you see them arrive at the con. I did this at Windy and it seemed to work quite well. Doing it at a Worldcon presents more problems, of course. So who amongst the readership is going to sit down right now and offer to hold the GT party (or should we have two or three on different nights) at Chicon? Who is going to have a suite to do it in? Hmmm, maybe I should call the hotel right now. // If I can bugger into the question addressed to Kleth about Jittlov without upsetting anyone - I got a Christmas card from Mike along with a current info sheet. He apparently has not convinced any of the studios to give him money for his feature (which sounded really neat). So, he liquidated his life savings to do a mini-feature about terminally creative geniuses in Hollywood who can't get the studios to give them money to do a feature film. Sounds introspective, no? The events in the film will center around the problems (fancified a bit) of putting together The Wizard of Speed and Time.

The info sheet was an invitation to participate in his plan for using the crowds at the Hollywood Christmas parade for scenes in the conclusion of the movie. He was going to liberally saturate the crowd with Jittlov fans and friends. Since the local TV station leaves their lights on for another twenty minutes after the end of the parade to get "milling crowds" footage for the evening news, he had essentially free lighting to work with. Right after the end of the parade moved by, a group was going to lift him onto their shoulders and march through the lit area singing "We're off to see the Wizard.....". The song is close to the music to be synched in on the movie sound track. Everyone who came was supposed to join in with the hoped for result of the crowd (which had no

idea of what was going on) joining in! Scribbled across the bottom of the page in green ink was the comment "This turned out fantastic!!!!" - a hint of good things to come if the conversations I've had with him are any barometer to measure his statements by.

You asked for the following lyrics at Confusion:

"Turn Your Radio On" Albert E. Brumley,
Stamps-Baxter Music Co. 1938

Come and listen to the radio station,
Where the mighty host of Heaven sing,
Turn your radio on, (echo)
Turn your radio on, (echo).
If you wanna hear the songs of Zion,
Coming from the land of endless spring,
Get in touch with God, (echo),
Turn your radio on, (echo).

Chorus:

Turn your radio on, (echo),
And listen to the music in the air.
Turn your radio on, (echo),
Heaven's glory share, (echo).
Turn your lights down low, (echo),
And listen to the Master's radio,
Get in touch with God, (echo),
Turn your radio on, (echo).

Come and listen in to the gloryland chorus,
Listen to the glad hosannas roll,
Turn your radio on, (echo),
Turn your radio on, (echo).
Get a little taste of joys a'waiting,
Get a little heaven down in your soul,
Get in touch with God, (echo),
Turn your radio on, (echo).

Chorus.

Come and listen in to the gloryland chorus,
Listen to the glad hosannas roll,
Turn your radio on, (echo),
Turn your radio on, (echo).
Some eternal morning we shall meet them,
Over on hallelujah shore,
Get in touch with God, (echo),
Turn your radio on, (echo).

Chorus twice.

The (echo) was a backup chorus which repeated the words on that line. I took the words as best I could hear them (including what sounded like grammatical errors to me) off of "A Prairie Home Companion Anniversary Album". You can get info on how to get a copy from Minnesota Public Radio, 400 Sibley Street, St. Paul, MN 55101. You can buy them during Minicon through Hello Minnesota in Butler Square (in Minneapolis). MPR will probably tell you to mail order them through Hello Minnesota (but I don't have their address with me).

Corona: I never feel very good about The Who-Goes. Seeing as how the pile of reading material I have to get around to is usually more than a year out of date, I only end up nominating in the short story, dramatic

presentation and fan artist categories. I don't feel qualified to honestly vote for much more. Do other fans have the same problem? From the numbers that have been thrown my way about how many votes it takes to nominate, it seems that only very popular or special interest items with small numbers of very active fans have a chance at all. Personally, I'm gonna nominate Time Bandits because I enjoyed it more than any other "dramatic presentation" (including Raiders.. which from my viewpoint is not SF).

Dr. Gonzo: The circumstances surrounding your watching the Shuttle landing were quite interesting, even though I would at least have bought a beer (assuming that they would have had some brewed elsewhere).

Say Watt?: Ooh, Oooh! Since when does one go to a Python film for continuity? There was quite a bit of it nonetheless. The film deals with such a large subject that you have to jump around a bit to be able to get a larger view of what is going on. The discoherency you speak of is there - because it is supposed to be there. Jumping from time to time would seem to leave one with that sort of feeling. Why are you wondering about what they were trying to say? The dwarves, being the bumbling fools their characters are set up, are just out for a good time, and the movie is the story of what happens to them during that time. Not every movie has to be there to "say" something - entertainment is more than just morality plays. // I hope that you are not falling into the pessimistic vogue that Cinefantastique and other zines are falling into - that of being afraid to come out and state that you actually like a film because someone will think less of you for it. I'm not saying that you are. Could it be that you just don't like the movie and are grasping for the reason? // Re yr ct Jerry, while the standard dynamic range of video phosphors may only be 30 db, and 6 bits gives 32 db range, be careful. Range and resolution are two different things. Over the 32 db range the phosphors probably have much better resolution than the 1 db possible with 6 bits. Whether or not your eye and mind will be able to make use of the resolution capabilities provided is the real problem. The human parameters will determine how many bits will be needed for transmission of a high quality picture, not the technological capacities or limitations of a particular system. // Mike and Alice and I have talked over your bid proposal for MSU in '88. We support it and have decided that you are chairman pro tem. We suggest that you contact Barry Gehm and request that he act as University Liason. We'll help out however much we can. Seriously, we think the idea has promise - look into it!

Tektonics: If your stomach churns at every launch, be prepared next time with Roloids. NASA may want you to come down and help them absorb the excess acid generated by the solid boosters. Apparently it is looked upon as a major problem by those who have had problems resulting from the hydrochloric acid rain produced when the exhaust trail comes in contact with moisture. // What is CNN and how do I get to watch the third launch on it?

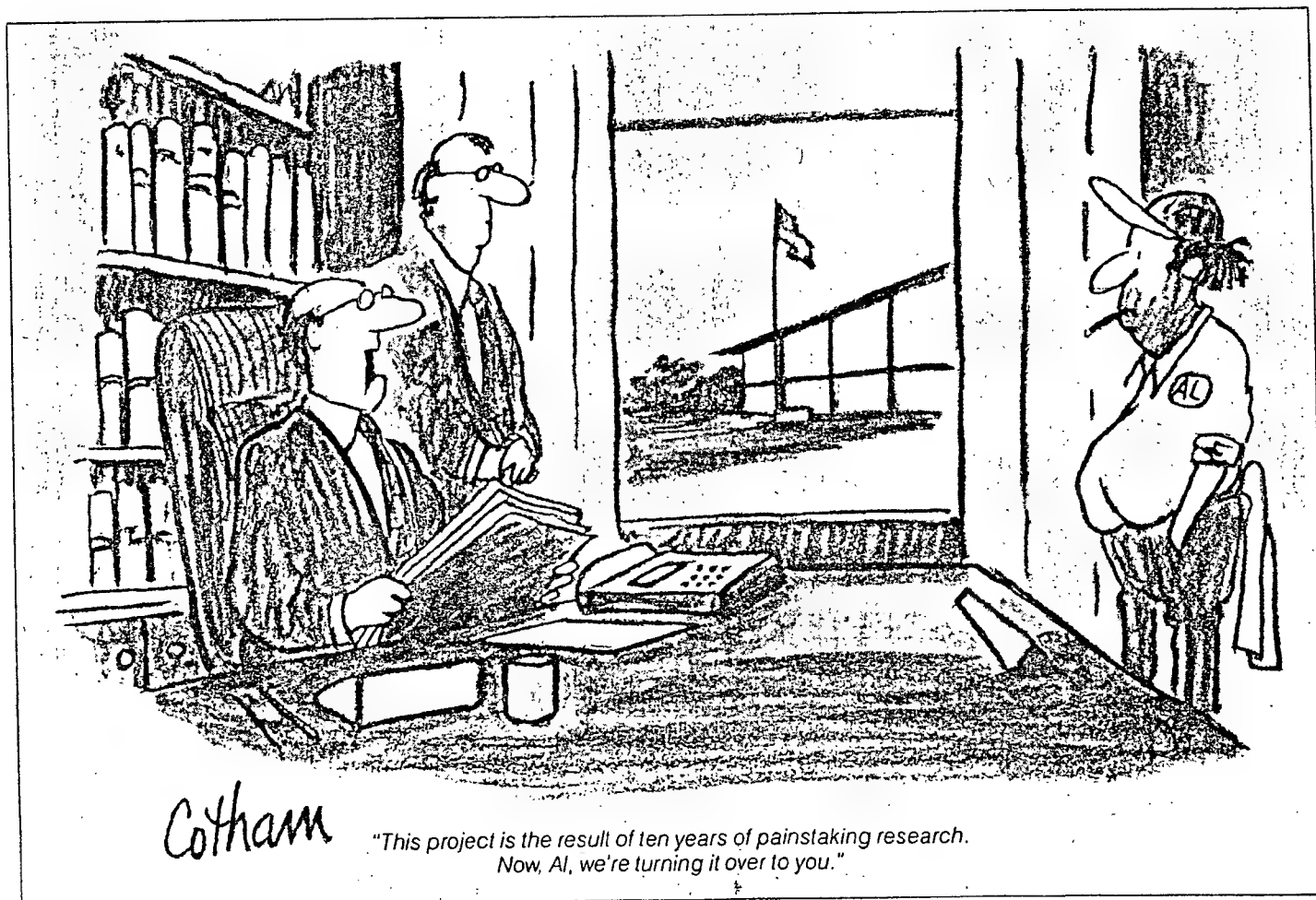
Elghth Orbital: Sound pretty strange to me that both pilots were blinded. The beam would seem to be relatively narrow at low altitudes and thus have to hit them one at a time. The angle of sweep would also have to be horizontal with respect to the helicopter and corrected for height differences between pilot & copilot. Could you send out more info as the thing progresses? Sounds like malicious use of the laser by the user or a strafing run by the police would have to be considered in the court. One wouldn't think that there would be a lot of beam ricochet around the inside of the cockpit that could have caused the problem.

QS Next time you're in Boston, stop by here, wouldya? // I was quite embarrassed - once - when my Casio watch went off in the middle of a movie at the local theatre!

Young & Abroad: We don't have any electric train sets at WHOI or even toy boat sets for executive bathtubs (we play with BIG ones).

My Blood Runs Cold: Yes, but is it red like everyone else's? // The comment hooks didn't dig in deep enough. Re-bait and try again (hint, hint).

And then some days I just feel like this October 1981 cartoon from OMNI ...



Package Tours on the Egger Route #... oh, it's been so
long, I forgot
You Can't Fire Me,
I Quit

A post-mailing for APA-Tech by Gretchen Van Dorn, 7619 W. Clarence Ave., #
Chciago, IL 60631, telephone (312)763-1376. A product of the Disreputable #
Van and Cartage Company. #
#####

Hi, folks. This is either a save-my-tail postmailing or a letter of resignation. I haven't decided which yet.

When the 'zines came a while back, they sat on the coffee table until I had changed my clothes, had some dinner and looked through the Time magazine. In the past they would have been pounced upon the moment I walked in the door. The old enthusiasm is gone.

It isn't just the variable deadlines and the incredible shrinking ToC. Those are just symptoms. I'm not the only one involved, either. The enthusiasm is waning all over. The list of people dancing on the edge gets longer all the time and minac is rampant. It even includes the OE.

I just have to think if the whole thing is worth the trouble. I suspect that that is a thought that is flitting through the heads of a lot of people right now.

We can't even get up a good argument. The lead times are just too long. I can have an argument in person with a good chunk of the roster before the next issue comes out.

Besides, my life is just plain too dull to have wonderful stories to entertain you all.

I also suspect my resignation would be a relief to some people. It would seem my presence inhibits some of you from talking about certain subjects. This disturbs me, as I don't want to inflict any of my opinions on anyone. I don't recall saying anything **IN PRINT** regarding my opinions on computers.

My philosophies on the matter are simply that if I don't want to read something, I can simply skip it. In this way and APA is rather different from a conversation. Yes, when I am in a room full of friends and all of the conversation is totally incomprehensible to me, I get irritated and bored. These sorts of situations are what prompted my complaints on people talking about nothing but computers. Let me add that this sort of thing hasn't happened in a long time.

LATER: I'm still thinking. I have tried listing the reasons to stay and the reasons to quit and doing a debit/credit. The only reason to stay that didn't have a matching reason to quit was I didn't want to waste my title. That is a pretty poor reason to stay.

Perhaps in the future I'll feel that I have more to say and petition for re-admittance. Right now, I think I'll just bow out gracefully.

See you around,

GHVD



ALL SPACE AVAILABLE FOR RENT

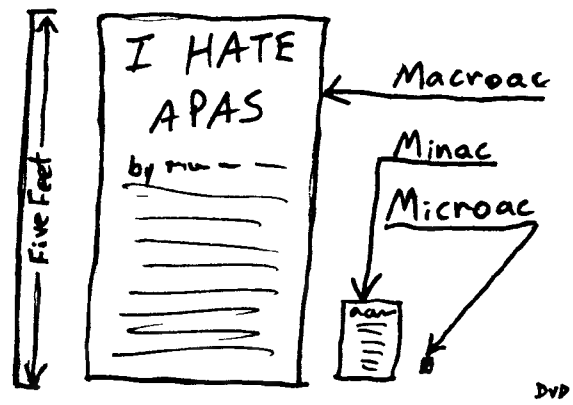
A 'zine for APA-Tech by Doug Van Dorn, #
7619 W. Clarence Ave., Chicago, IL 60631 #
Phone (312)763-1376. Copyright © 1982 by #
Doug Van Dorn. All rights reserved. #
#####

My title this trip refers to the main point I want to make. I'll get into that in a minute.

First off, though, I want to explain something. I had a postmailing for the last disty. I was going to hand it out to everyone on the roster at Windycon, when I ran into Marty. He said that Renee hadn't collated yet, so I could give them to him and get them in the disty.

Wouldn't you know, he left them in his room. I'm not mad, Marty, really I'm not. It wasn't a very good 'zine anyway, just a save-my-ass kind of thing. But Renee understood that I had tried, so I've not gotten bounced (so far as I know) from the APA.

But since I've been really busy lately, and haven't been able to do much in the way of 'zine writing, this is being done late, too, and will most likely be minac, no MCs. Sorry.



Oh, by the way, for those of you who don't know — I got a new job. I'm working days now, as a technical writer for Arthur Andersen and Co., one of the largest CPA firms in the world. I enjoy it, and get to use this neat word processor for things like APAs (as well as for my job). Things are going fine, and both Gretchen and I are much happier living in the same time zone.

ABOUT MY TITLE: Hopefully, sometime in the not-too-distant future, this will be true. I have been supporting private-sector involvement in space exploration and exploitation for as long as I can remember; there's now a fighting chance it may happen.

You see, there is a group of investment bankers who have sent an official proposal to NASA. They would like to finance a fifth shuttle orbiter and, in return, get all rights to sell cargo space on any shuttle flights to foreign markets. The investment angle is to

insure they have a stake in the success of the enterprise; if the people marketing the product stand to lose an investment if the product fails, statistics show that marketing efforts are greater and more likely to succeed.

They are asking for all agenting rights abroad for shuttle cargo. On flights where cargo they have arranged flies, they will pay the mission costs. They obviously think they can make a profit by financing the orbiter and subsequent flights and pocketing as profit anything over those costs that they receive.

You see, they can get one hell of a tax break on depreciation on the shuttle. You can depreciate that kind of thing over 10 years, so your tax break equals the cost of the asset after that period. That's several billion in tax breaks over 10 years.

I can't see Reagan standing in the way of something like this; this is the kind of thing he's been ballyhooing for years. It has a very good chance of happening.

Let's just hope they don't call their shuttle the "J. Paul Getty" or something equally as absurd.

MORE GOOD NEWS: Reagan, apparently bowing to public pressure, has reinstated NASA funding for planetary exploration in his 1983 budget. Solar Polar, Galileo and some form of Halley's Comet mission have all been approved. The only thing that we lost, for the time being, is VOIR. C'est la vie. I can live with that, for now.

QUICK MC'S

Higgins: Not a bad moon; looks a lot like that to the naked eye, too.

Dick: Yeah, it's a nice car. I'm sure it's given you some writing inspirations. (ain't it awful when people know what you're going to write before the disty comes out?)

Keith: Have to disagree on Time Bandits. I found it very entertaining, thought-provoking and worthy of the Hugo. It's not perfect, but there are glimpses here of something that goes totally beyond Python; I hope they keep it up.

Jamie: Other people are getting fed up with the way this thing comes out, too, huh? I'll tell you something; many of the members of this APA are also in WindyAPA. That APA comes out every six weeks, and minac is 2 pages every 2 disties. There has never been a problem with people missing that, more stringent deadline. It ain't us.

That's all that there's time or room for. Catch you all later. DVD

SING NO! FOR THE LIFE OF A BEAR

CHAPTER FIVE

IN WHICH

Paul Has A Birthday, And Gets Two Presents

All text and art © 1982 Paul Gadzikowski, 6237 Lakewood #A1, Chicago, IL, 60660, (312)-DETHWOT, wk. (312)-527-0100. This is a publication of **SANDERS PRESS.**

My birthday is December 15th. After sometime last July I stopped mentioning that, just to see if anyone would remember--the little ego games one plays with oneself...I should have known.

One Sunday early in ~~November~~ December I got a call from Leininger at Doug & Gretchen's for Sunday Dinner; if I hadn't any plans why don't I drop by? As it happened it was quite convenient.

I sat in the living room talking to Doug and Leininger and Martha and Roper and Lisa Golladay and several others, about how I'd been to the conicon downtown and found all back issues I was looking for (at the time)...

Eventually Gretchen came out of the kitchen and started herding those of us in the living room into the back room. Greta, thought I, it's another surprise congratulating Doug on his new job. I questioned Gretchen on this point (Doug was already in there), but she hemmed and hawed all the way through the hall and kitchen. Finally as we got into the back room she said,

"You're always the one who draws people on their birthday cakes in icing, so we couldn't get that done for you. So I thought of something else." And Roper and Leininger and Lisa moved apart to give me a clear view of --

Aihok and Effex. The two little aliens from my cartoons. Gretchen made me Aihok and Effex for my birthday.

I was speechless. And that's not easy, my friend. For five minutes I could think of nothing to say.

This is known as Positive Reinforcement.



SH!FTLOAB-2

Aihok and Effex are the two characters of mine I have worked with the most (unless one counts myself). They first appeared in a comic epic I started drawing in high school and only recently finished. They're very simple characters to draw and I'd often doodle Effex on any appropriate surface I came across -- chalkboards, icy windows, etc. They finally made it into the daily cartoons a little over a year ago, as representatives of an alien confederation, and have been at home there ever since.

Aihok is a very simple soul. He's small and cute, and his flesh tone is pure white.

Effex is physically little more than a biological joke machine: a brain, with legs to proffer transport, eyes to observe with, and a mouth somewhere under all that fur with which to relay his observations.

Over the years Aihok and Effex have come to represent to me opposing factors of my own personality. Aihok is the nice guy who never knows what's going on; Effex is the wise guy who knows but doesn't care. Aihok is the part of me that jumps in without looking; Effex is the part of me that sits back and watches. Aihok is the right half of my brain; Effex is the left. Aihok is my heart; Effex is my ego.

The two of them are rarely seen alone any more. Between them they make up a whole person; they're just too important to each other.

A And though it's generally Aihok that I wear on the outside, Effex is still always there. I'm always laughing at something.

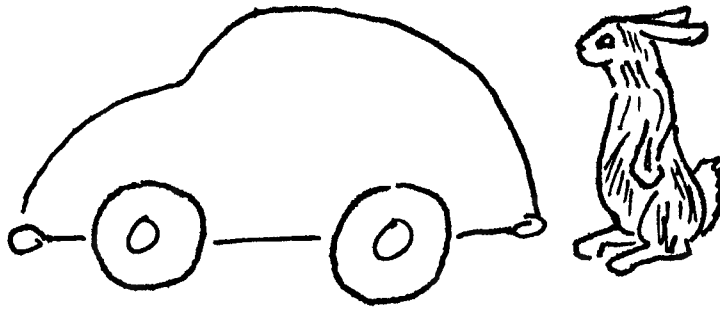
MAILING COMMENTS

ME At last I got Chapter Two in! Now I can start writing more than one-page zines.

ROD re:hypoglycemia: This must be the source of the concept of the "sweet tooth".

HIGGINS Thanks for sharing that moon experience with us./// It's been a while since I folk-danced...There's a group around here who do gettogether for "country dancing" every third Saturday. Roy and Donna Hirman sent me an invitation once, specifying that single dancing males are especially welcome.///Your section headings are as entertaining as your sections.///"I left cartoons on a few selected blackboards"? You too?///I'll nominate Phyllis' "In The Hands of Glory", since it's the only thing I've read this year (except Eliot S! Magin's Superman paperbacks). I think I'm qualified to nominate for best dramatic presentation, though. And fan artist...though I don't promise objectivity...///cts minacking: As stated above, I haven't been minacking because I wanted to. Each of the past two chapters have been so short because I thought (at least last time I was right) that they'd have Chapter Two with them.///Dick's grumpiness is a calculated effect. I think

DICK



VALLI ct Roper: I like Milwaukee.///ct Jerry: The new car was named Dame Nanook after the trip to Confusion. You've heard that story...several times by now...

KEITH re car names: If/when I get a car, I'm not going to name it; but I'd like to get vanity plates that read "GEN 11".

JEFF Raebnc.

JAMIE The Chicon P. R. is a mythical beast.

GREG I lost interest in video games when "Asteroids" disappeared just when I was getting interested in it.

Now. I have no idea any more which of these postmailings go with Apatech 16 so I'll just comment on all of them. If you've had a postmailing since Apatech 13 that isn't commented upon here, then I'm missing it.

ANGEL I wasn't in fandom during college. Before, on a limited basis (I lived in Omaha), and now, after; but not during. (I wouldn't have lasted as long as I did.)///You didn't see me at Denver? We were in the same room!

BENTLEY "John's Hotel Niagra"? "John's Hotel Niagra"!///The Thursday League of America are a bunch of superheroes I created, being parodies of Windyapa members and their zines, for the cover of Windyapa 8.

SESTAK Raebnc.

LEININGER Nice logo illo.///Talking coke machines...does Alan Funt work for the thinktank now?///Any answers to your challenge? ///ct Keith: Screaming Yellow Zonkers are still around. I occasionally stop by White Hen on my way to Amy & Eve's to pick some up.///Write more.

GREG re yr Worldcon report: Dumb remark? I don't remember your saying anything to me you have to apologize for. lame humor? Maybe I thought it was funny.///So Williams swipes from Prokbfiev and Holst. So what? I wouldn't be the cartoonist I am today if not for Schulz and Hart and (dare I say it?) Foglio.

DAVID See above re: Zonkers.

CAP'N AL Jeez louise, it's gonna take me longer to read this than everything else so far! Sorry, I've got deadline paranoia. Next Time.

SH:FLCAB-4

ROLF ct Roper: "No one ever said I was bright" is a ~~Marv~~ Wolfmanism, usually issued from Hal Jordan's lips. This explains Roper's ~~use~~ of the phrase, though I ~~doubt~~ the context of the statement (which I don't remember) excused the use of it.

ROLF (again) You griped to me at Confusion about artists' conceptions of juggling...if I ever want it done accurately I'll give you a call first.///ct Gretchen: I have yet to meet another fannish Paul, though I'm told there are some.

NEXT: Cap'n Al's mailing comment, Bear Hums (filksongs), and more illustrations, I promise.

General Tektonics III
being the thoughts
(or lack of same) of
Jeff Sekiya
1005 W California
Urbana, IL 61801

This my frantic effort not to minac for Apa-Tech 18. I figure that if I can contribute something every issue it will get longer. Besides, this saves postage since it's going to Boskone with Rolf which makes it the last contribution for A-T 17. I think.

Now that I have finished my resume the placement office here believes that I am prepared to join the great rat race. In other words I'm looking for a job. The set up here is that you sign up for on campus interviews at 8 AM on Saturday mornings. I think it's positively barbaric.

Chicon is doing it again. I saw a copy of PR 3 with my own eyes at Confusion. Nobody that I know of has seen one since. Well, it's only been one week but it should still be possible for it to appear in somebodys mailbox by now.

The Confusion snowstorm should be legendary by now. All I know is that the roads did not look that bad on Sunday evening and Monday. Are the roads closing more often or am I just noticing it more? It was nice to have a longer con although I'd rather have it planned than forced upon me. Before we were informed (by the State Police) that the roads were closed I found Jerry huddled over a typewriter putting his apa together. I can't quite figure out how he got it into his shirt pocket without making a bulge. The hotel didn't seem to take to the con very well, at least around the pool. It was the usual case of hotel employees not ready to handle anything they haven't been told about.

The Hugo nomination pool for novels seems to be a little thin this year. I haven't read all that much that has come out but there hasn't been anything that really fired up anybody that I know. Maybe it's just that things need time to grow into classics. Or authors can't find new ground to break. Is it just me or does it seem that the world is getting series happy. It sells more books but is it art?

Dramatic presentations are a little thin too but the quality seems higher than usual. I don't think anybody mentioned the Muppet Caper. I didn't think it was that good but it makes for completeness. Unless it was released in '81. Henson is at it again though. He has a major release for this summer that looks pretty good. I'm told that there was a display for it at Denvention.

There was a speaker here from IBM's Watson research center talking about Josephson Junction technology. It seems that many of the technology's advantages stem from cryogenic temperatures. So even if you could find elevated temperature superconductors it's not really clear that it would be exploited this way. An interesting point was brought up about liquid helium. Some people think that the supplies are limited. Now if helium is declared a strategic material and the Russians can't get any. They could try to substitute liquid hydrogen. It could become the Hindenburg of computers.

Sing Ho... : Greetings from the other non-GT member of A-T If Jamie reads this I expect we'll see demands for information for the Handbook soon. The real reason for having 2 (or more) friends with the same birthdate is that the number of possible birthday combinations for n people is 364^n and the number without duplications is $364!/(364-n)!$. Thus, the probability of n people all having distinct birthdays is $364!/[(364-n)! * 364^n]$ (Sorry about the notation but this is something of a rush job). Clearly, the probability for multiple birthdays is $1 - \{364!/[(364-n)! * 364^n]\}$. This happens to be greater than $1/2$ for $n=25$. So, if you've got 25 friends the odds are better than even that there will be multiple birthdays. The odds get even better if we include adjacent birthdays. This is sometimes referred to as the birthday paradox. My Combinatorics professor thinks that this sort of thing is responsible for some "supernatural" phenomena. I confess, that I can't think of anything off the top of my head.

Transporter Topics : RAEBNC

Tailfins on 'em again : I think that I might end up with a location vs. employment problem. Now if we all got up and left...

Smiths Ra-uh-Corona : RAEBNC

Dr. Gonzo : Land the Shuttle and Pass the Beer!? No, not catchy enough. RAEBNC

Fanchild : Illinois is not flat! Why I even change gears (sometimes) when I'm out riding with the Prairie Cycle Club. But I have gotten the urge to move somewhere with real terrain.

The Eighth Orbital : I think that you've already presented one argument for the efficacy of energy weapons (i.e. the police chopper pilot). While they would be difficult to justify if they had to "kill" the target outright but it might be worthwhile to deprive humans or electronics of vision so they can't dodge slugs or shoot back. Hardening the target would be difficult although I defer to Keith on that. Besides lasers don't run out of slugs when they spray an area.

My Blood Runs Cold I was going to write a lengthy comment on your hook but time presses so I'll save it until next time.

MORNING PERSPECTIVES



Hello. Once again, Ragged Edge Productions, a division of The Imaginary Press, Ltd. brings you the ramblings of:

Pill Leininger
15 S. Maple Lane
Prospect Heights
Illinois, 60070

Personal Update-

Another semester has ended, one more closer to my possible return to the University of Illinois. Yes, that's right, despite my somewhat despairing piece last time, things appear to have righted themselves to the point where I can once again view this as a viable possibility.

My grades last semester were not quite as I had hoped they would be, but I did at least get an A in Calculus II and there was an overall improvement in my Grade Point Average.

So this semester I set forth to further my studies with a return to the status of full time student. I was to be taking Differential Equations, Physics II, and COBOL for business programmers as a fall back.

However, the COBOL instructor was less interested in teaching how to program in COBOL than in a number of personal preferences in how to lay out your printer lay out sheets, and his favorite way to flow chart. I dropped the class, giving my slot to a girl who had been forced into a night class, and instead picked up a course in microcomputer architecture and assembly language fundamentals. I'm more of an engineering type, I have decided and if I am ever forced into a business programming situation, from what I've seen it won't be that difficult to pick up COBOL.

However, all this silver lining must have a cloud in it, and of course it does. Though not much of one, I will admit.

I have 4 eight am classes a week, and on Friday, a seven thirty lab session. This doesn't sound like much until you add in the fact that in order to wake up, clean off the car, drive the distance to Harper, and get to the proper building, I must wake up at a quarter past six every morning of the week. And by preference I am a late sleeper who has difficulty going to sleep before one in the morning.

This semester I am facing a great test of my physiological flexibility and determination. Part of the problem at U of I had been an eight o'clock class. But I'm a lot more determined now days.

Fortunately, My last class of the day is usually over by half past noon. But I now have a job, so I can't use the time for a nap.

I am working for a rather rich person who owns a riding stable, and all it's usual accompanying enterprises out in an extremely rural section of Schaumburg. He has an Apple II and is using it to analyze commodity prices with the aid of a pre-written software package. There were several things he wanted done at one time that the package couldn't do, but fortunately there are some provisions for custom analysis routines. The entire package appears to be written in Applesoft Basic, but boots itself off its own disk. So far I haven't discovered a way to list the program, but it hasn't been absolutely necessary. It is one of the most poorly documented programs I have ever seen in terms of explaining how it does what it does, and how to add the little routines that it is my job to add. I can't recall the name of the package, but I'd never heard of it before, so the company isn't very large...

However, all this getting up early in the morning has given rise to another effect other than my appearing to be somewhat zonked anytime you see me in the evening.

In Praise of National Public Radio-

I have been actively aware of NPR for roughly the last year. During my time in college, it was difficult to get the local NPR affiliate in Champaign due to antenna damage. But finally I did get a chance to hear NPR in Chicago.

Is it necessary to say that from then on I was hooked? I started listening to ALL Things Considered in the evenings, and an occasional NPR Playhouse piece. When they started playing The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy, I listened despite the fact that I had a complete set of tapes which I had practically worn out the first month I had them. It was interesting to see what it had been like not to be able to go on from episode to episode at will. And then they started to follow them with episodes of the Spike Milligan and Peter Sellers Goon Show, some inspired old British radio comedy that is often incomprehensible, but always hilarious.

But I'd never listened to Morning Edition. It started to ~~early~~ for my tastes. Until my forced change of rising times, that is.

Now I've begun to notice that news I hear on Morning Edition often takes twenty-four hours to get into my Chicago Tribune. And they cover items that I don't see anywhere else. I don't mean the homey, folksy little anecdotal pieces alone, though they are quite worthwhile (I'm a great fan of anecdotes). But it seems that sometime in the week of January 17-23 the shuttle crew for the next flight held a press conference. I've not seen a mention of it in any other media. (Unfortunately, even NPR didn't think enough of the piece to put it high on the list. They must have gotten to it sometime after seven twenty when I got out of my car. And I missed the recap on All Things Considered).

In fact, I think so much of the paired news shows of NPR that I use them more than I do the television news. I'll listen to All Things Considered, and if a piece of news sounds visual enough I'll try to catch it on the ten o'clock television news. But between various rock stations, WFMT (The local classical music station which has an excellent weekend show of comedy and Folk music), and NPR I spend more time listening to the radio now days than I do watching television.

Electronic Cameras-

Last time I promised a piece on the Sony Mavica electronic camera system. The camera itself is the same size as a 35mm camera, with a small floppy disk replacing the film in the back, and a CCD solid state image sensor behind the lens. Each disk will hold about 50 pictures, and is of course reusable. The camera itself is expected to retail for more than \$650, and will require special equipment for display (something along the lines of a box that you can attach to your betamax and home tv is contemplated).

Other pieces of equipment under consideration include a copier that would copy pictures from one disk to another, an automatic viewer which could take a number of diskettes, along with a taped commentary along the lines of a slide show, a picture printer, and a transmitter/receiver system for transmitting pictures over the telephone.

When I first heard of this system, I thought there would be some professional interest for photojournalism, but not much for the amateur because of the amount of equipment and the size of the initial investment. Even if your photo album is reduced to the size of a small paperback, you still need a pile of equipment the size of a console tv to see the pictures. (And to get away from the tv, you need the printer which must be a device related to the color xerox. An expensive

Electronic Cameras (Cont.)-
Piece of equipment, indeed.)

There are other problems as well. The prototype only had a resolution of 570 horizontal lines by 490 vertical. This allows a good high quality picture for home display, but for professional use is somewhat limiting. Currently, the Associated Press is using a 1400 vertical by 1800 horizontal.

All in all, despite what various business analysts have said and the statements of retailers that they could sell the system if it could retail for under \$700 (Sony's own preliminary figure for the camera and player are around \$1000. The diskettes will cost about \$2.50), I don't really think the system will catch on. But I hope they introduce it, because of an interesting accessory that I thought of and would like to see.

The Electronic Darkroom. It would be a device to permit the editing of a Mavipack image. Initially to fix colors and maybe contrasts, maybe later to permit some form of digital image processing to salvage blurred (though this should be less of a problem with electronic imaging), I see the possibility of it evolving into a simple and inexpensive unit for home video animation.

Each disk holds 50 images for about a seconds worth of TV if showed one after another (A higher frame rate than animation used even in the old days), two or three seconds if shown at a more usual frame rate (each frame repeated 2 or 3 times). Creating the frames and recording them is easier on a disk than on tape, because the disk is continuously moving. A tape would have to be stopped and restarted after each frame was created, calling for precision systems for backing the tape in the event of a mistake.

It's a great and neccessary device. Anyone who is used to fooling around in the darkroom for unusual effects will need one if they go over to an electronic system.

Kodak-

According to some reprotis, Kodak has given some thought to producing such a camera themselves. Some sources (I haven't heard any of this before myself, but it comes from a public source) say that they are one of the firms with the greatest research studies of CCD imaging technology around. The official line is that it seems to expensive to take much of the consumer market, and they view as more likely a system for converting photographic prints to the video screen. They say they haven't had any problems with this, but that going from a video image to hard copy is hugely more difficult and expensive.

Instead, Kodak is shortly expected to introduce a new line of small cameras using a film disk to record your images. The camera is expected to cost \$30 to \$85 , with the disks between \$1.75 to \$3. This system cannot be developed with current automated processing equipment, though at least one company has been working from the patents Kodak has filed to have equipment ready to market within a month or so of the introduction, planned for February third.

This is the system that most think will have the video converter eventually as an accessory.

When is "60 Minutes" only 50?-

Answer: When CBS Sports Spectacular runs overtime, and your home video recorder doesn't know it. Evidently, this has been happening to some people who like to tape shows to be viewed later. Also, with all the filler material television stations have been adding to shows now days, who can tell how long the late night movie is going to last? Timing is less critical in those time slots in television.

When is "60 Minutes"-

Currently, the best solution is to set the timer up to start recording early, and finish late. This gives you a certain amount of material at the start and finish that you didn't want, and in the case of movies may necessitate a different recording length setting which will degrade picture quality.

In the future, there may be a different way, however. German engineers at Blaupunkt are working on a system which would identify what program is on for your recorder.

Sixteen bytes of information would be stuffed into the vertical blanking interval of the television signal, where the information for the closed captioning system is also held, and when properly decoded would tell your video recorder whether the program you told it to record is on or not. (In fact, if the television stations are careless, that number would be lacking from prerecorded commercial messages, allowing for the first time a sure-fire commercial killer and the possibility of recording your favorite movie from network tv without commercial interruption without continuous supervision.

Video Warriors-

First, there was Dream Park of which Bill Higgins said that there seemed to be something wrong with pandering to the D 'n D crowd. And now there is Tron.

Tron is a Disney movie slated for release this summer, which appears to be about a video games designer who one day falls through to the other side of his electronic looking glass, and is forced to attempt to survive in a world of video games scenarios.

The film will perhaps be most interesting from the view of electronic music and computer graphics enthusiasts. The music for the film is being composed and performed by Wendy Carlos. The film is evidently being designed by Syd Mead. Syd Mead, for those of you who don't know, is responsible for some of the finest paintings of future dream cars ever done, and may be described as what Berkeley would be like if he ever started painting rounded solids instead of jagged layered things.

In fact, in a somewhat obvious tie in, Bally will be introducing a video game based on the film shortly after its release, which company officials hope will be at least as big a hit as Pac-Man.

State of the Union-

Perhaps in turning over the social services over to the individual states, President Reagan isn't going far enough. Perhaps all services not relating to interstate commerce should be turned over to the states. The U.S. government would be responsible for defending the continent from outside attack, and would get its revenues from a tax on interstate commerce, and everything else would be the responsibility of the states. It gives a whole new meaning to the state Secretary of State. For example, I can see Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin signing a mutual defense treaty, Chicago would secede from Illinois, forming trade ties with Michigan. Eventually, it would be taken over by Wisconsin through a naval blockade. In the meantime, Detroit would be engaged in implementing a nuclear capability to restrain Japan.

But honestly. I don't really mean this to be as critical of Reagan's policy as it must seem.

But doesn't it seem to you that this move can't help but increase the complexity of the system? What if you move and the standards are different for eligibility where you move to? What about the increased amount of personnel necessary to co-ordinate all this between the states?

(Cover illie by Paul Gadzikowski)

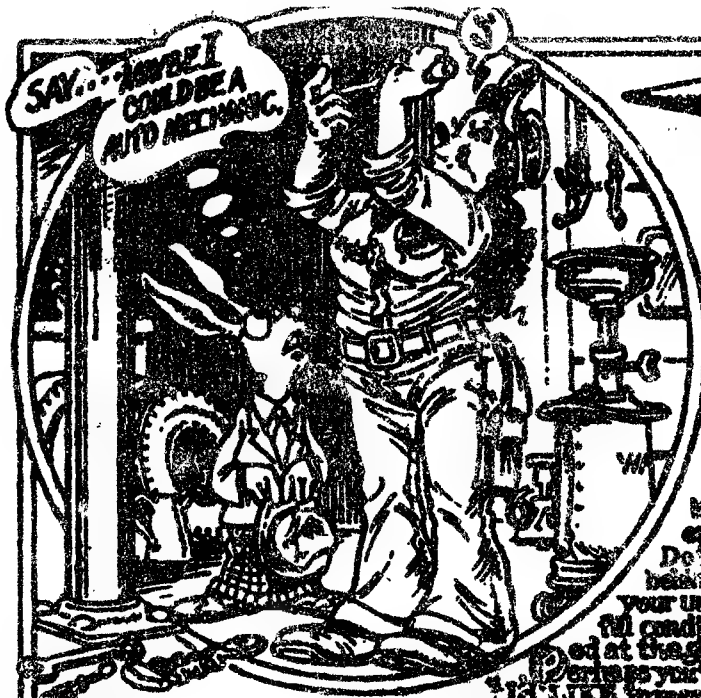
CORONA

==Dick Smith = 1116 Hull Terrace = Evanston, IL 60202==
for ApaTech #17 * February 1982

It's time for a break in tradition! This ish, Smith's Corona goes techie, to bring you an explanation of the diesel engine. One of my traditional complaints (that means you're already tired of it) is the fact that while techies seem to be willing to build all sorts of complicated electronics, they often don't know a thing about their own cars. The illos for this explanation are boldly swiped from How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive by Richard Sealey and John Muir Publications; these wonderful illos are by Peter Aschwenden. I'll attempt to repay John Muir by running a booklist and order blank on the next pages, so don't skip them! John Muir's original book on "bug-style" VWs is a cult classic.

Your traditional gasoline car uses what is known as the Otto Cycle, named after Nick Otto (1832-91), the inventor of the internal-combustion engine. Bill Higgins points out that while Otto failed





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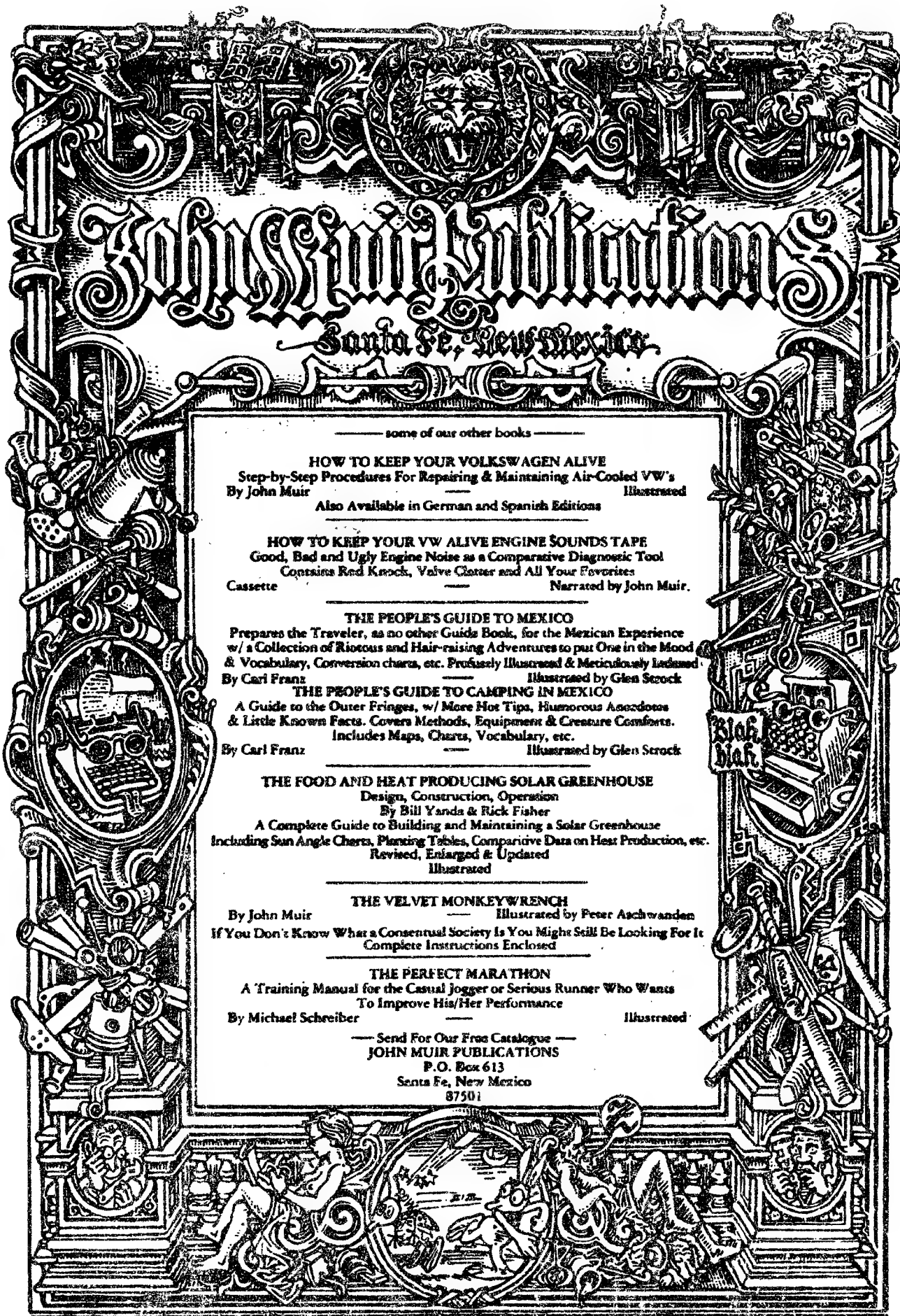
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to get his name on the signs of truckstops all across the country, he almost made it one better as one of the fathers of what is now known as the Ottomobile. Well, Almost.

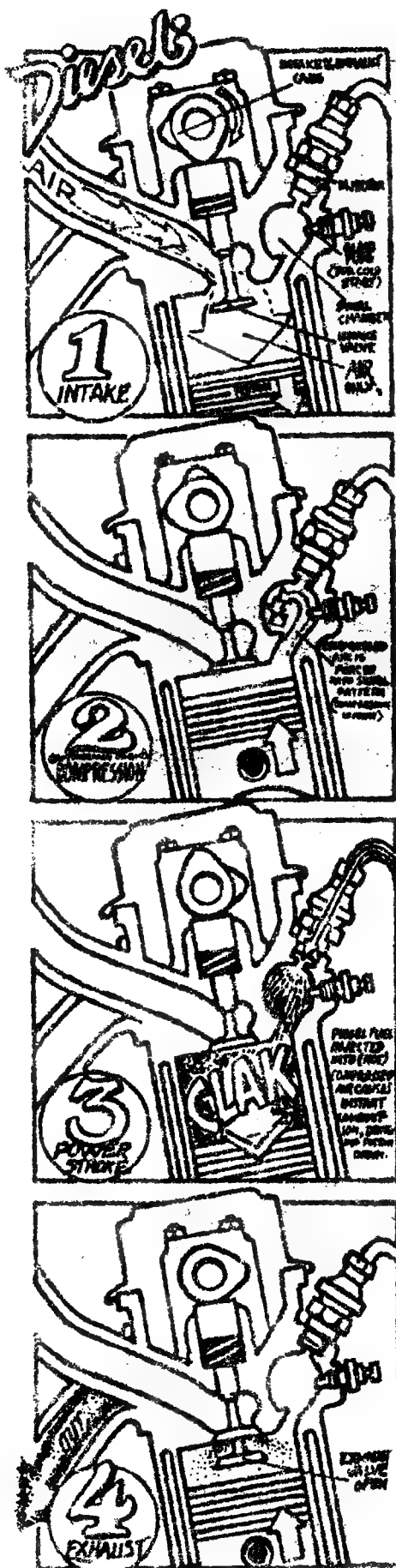
Anyway, on to Otto's engine. The engine is also called the "4-cycle" engine, because each cylinder goes thru four distinct cycles. In the first cycle, the piston lowers, making room in the cylinder for a mixture of air & gasoline, which is let into the cylinder thru a valve. The gas/air mixture was mixed in the carburetor, and is sucked into the cylinder by the suction of the piston moving down. During the second cycle, the intake valve closes, and the piston compresses the mixture. When the piston is ready to descend, the spark plug is fired, causing the gas to explode, and the piston to be forced down rapidly; this is the third, or "power" cycle. Finally, the piston rises, and a second valve opens to let out the burned

gasses. Everyone remembers this engine from either grade school, or from reading popularizations in Popular Mechanics magazine or some such, right? This is the ordinary, gasoline car's method of operation.



Notice that the Otto Cycle engine requires that the spark be delivered at just the right time; this is done by the distributor, which is connected to the rest of the engine by gears or a ribbed belt, and is timed exactly right. To get the whole thing started, there is an electric motor that cranks the engine until enough explosions have happened to keep it running. The speed of the engine is controlled by a flap that blocks off the gas/air mixture so not as much can get from the carburetor to the engine; this flap is the "throttle valve", and it's called that, in part, because closing it completely will cut off all the air to the engine and kill it. You can stop the engine that way (airplanes do), but in cars it's done instead by turning off the electricity to the spark plugs.

Rudi Diesel (1858-1931) succeeded in getting his name on all the truckstops as a result of his invention of the



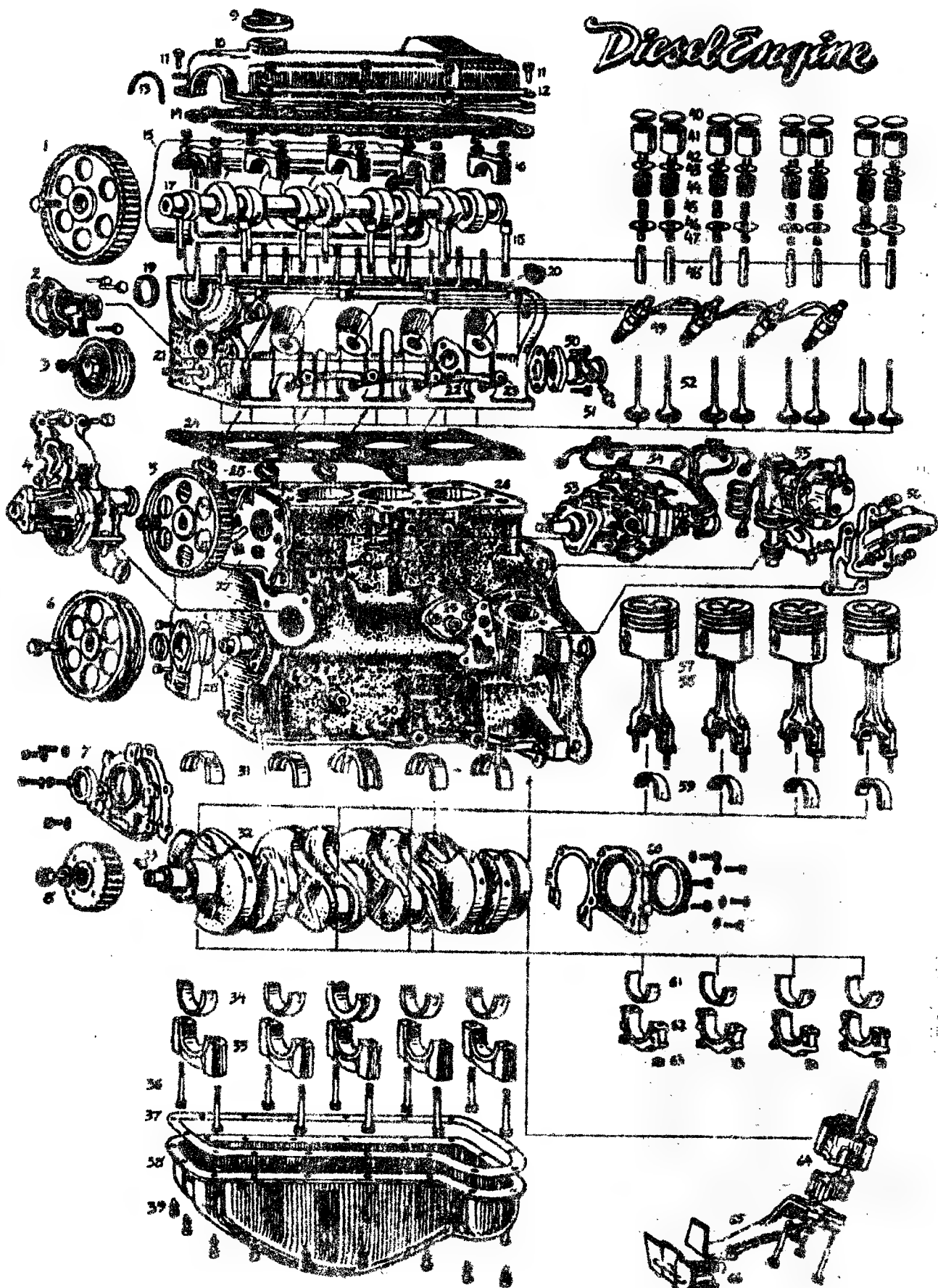
Diesel (born in 1895) while he began to start in 1922 with an engine that was successfully on coal dust, today's diesel engine burns fuel oil.

You can see from the title to the left that the diesel uses a four-part process similar to the Otto-cycle engine. If you look closely you will also observe that there are slight differences in three of the four cycles. In the first, or "intake," cycle, only air is brought into the cylinder. Because there is no fuel mixed in with it, there is no need for a carburetor. The second "compression" cycle looks just like the gasoline engine's second cycle, but in the diesel's the compression is much higher. A compression of 23:1 is used in the diesel engine, rather than 16:1 or 18:1 in the gasoline engine. At over 400 psi, the compressed air reaches a temperature of 900° F. This preheats the cylinder for the third cycle when diesel fuel is injected into the cylinder. It then immediately forces the piston down, thus providing power for the engine. To inject the fuel into the high-pressure air in the cylinder, the injector operates at over 1700 psi, a pressure which is sufficient to force fuel into your skin if you make the mistake of testing the injector with your hand in front of it. The injection pump delivers the fuel in timed bursts like a gas engine distributor, in that it must supply fuel at just the right time, but, unlike that device, it does not require frequent retiming, for it does not wear as fast. Anyway, to complete the operation of the engine, a fourth "exhaust" cycle exactly like an Otto-engine exhaust cycle burns gases.

In contrast to the gasoline engine, in the diesel, the speed is controlled in the fuel pump, by controlling the amount of fuel injected. To stop the engine, you cut off the fuel supply. When first starting the engine in cold weather, the heat from compression might not be enough to cause the fuel to burn, so there are often electric heaters that warm up each cylinder. These are only needed until the engine is started. Especially at idle, the diesel uses relatively little fuel compared to the air intake. This "lean" operation is largely responsible for the engine's fuel economy.

The remainder of a diesel car is essentially the same as a gasoline auto. Modern diesel engines, while they exhibit characteristic diesel behavior, especially when starting in cold weather, can be generally used in the same manner as gasoline engines.

Diesel Engine



On to heavier matters, specifically Ata'tech and the state of the apa. There has been alot of talk about the decline of this apa. I'm not convinced that it is in a decline, but I'm not convinced that it is not, either. There has been much turnover, and a higher incidence of minac than I think desirable. But there are regular writers, and there are new members who are trying to contribute.

In the official organ for #16, our glorious OE says, "If I have to collate a front cover to a back-cover and mail it out, I will." I think it's time for that, to remind the procrastinators that deadlines are serious. In keeping with this, I observe that there were six members who had to post-mail, according to the OO for #16. I don't remember any of them doing so, and so I suggest that the acting OE drop all of them, even if one is the OE. The SO can seize power if he wants to, or we can elect a new OE. Of course we can readmit those of the lazy ones who are still interested, but this expulsion might teach them a lesson first. By nature I'm one of the tardy ones, too, but the time has come to play hardass!

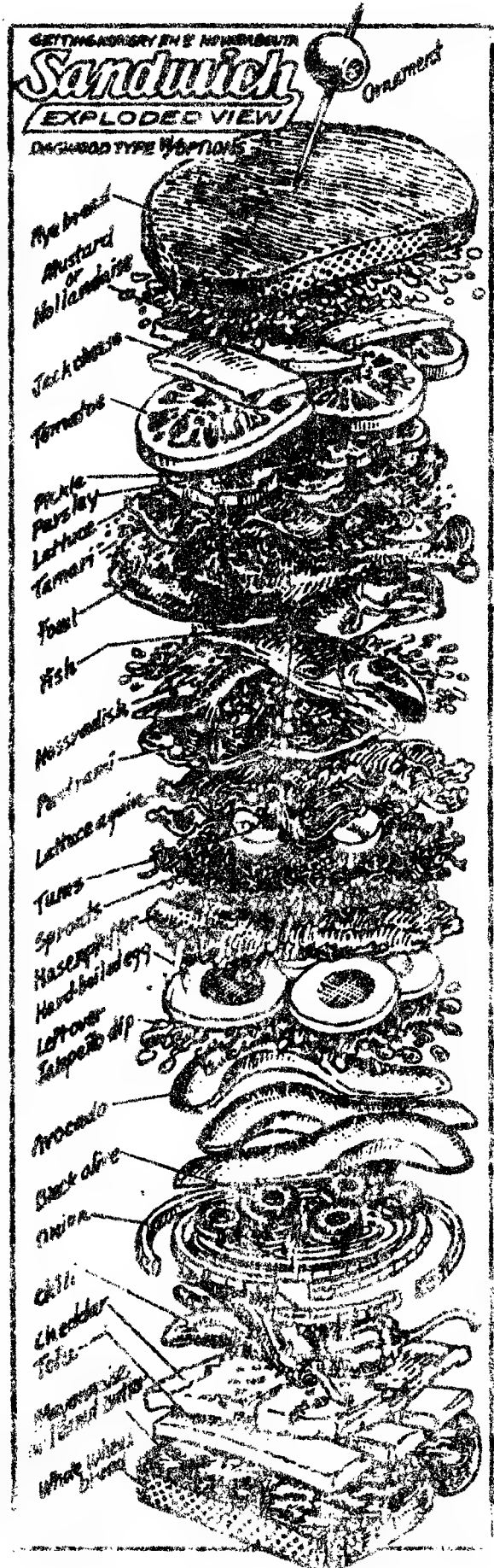


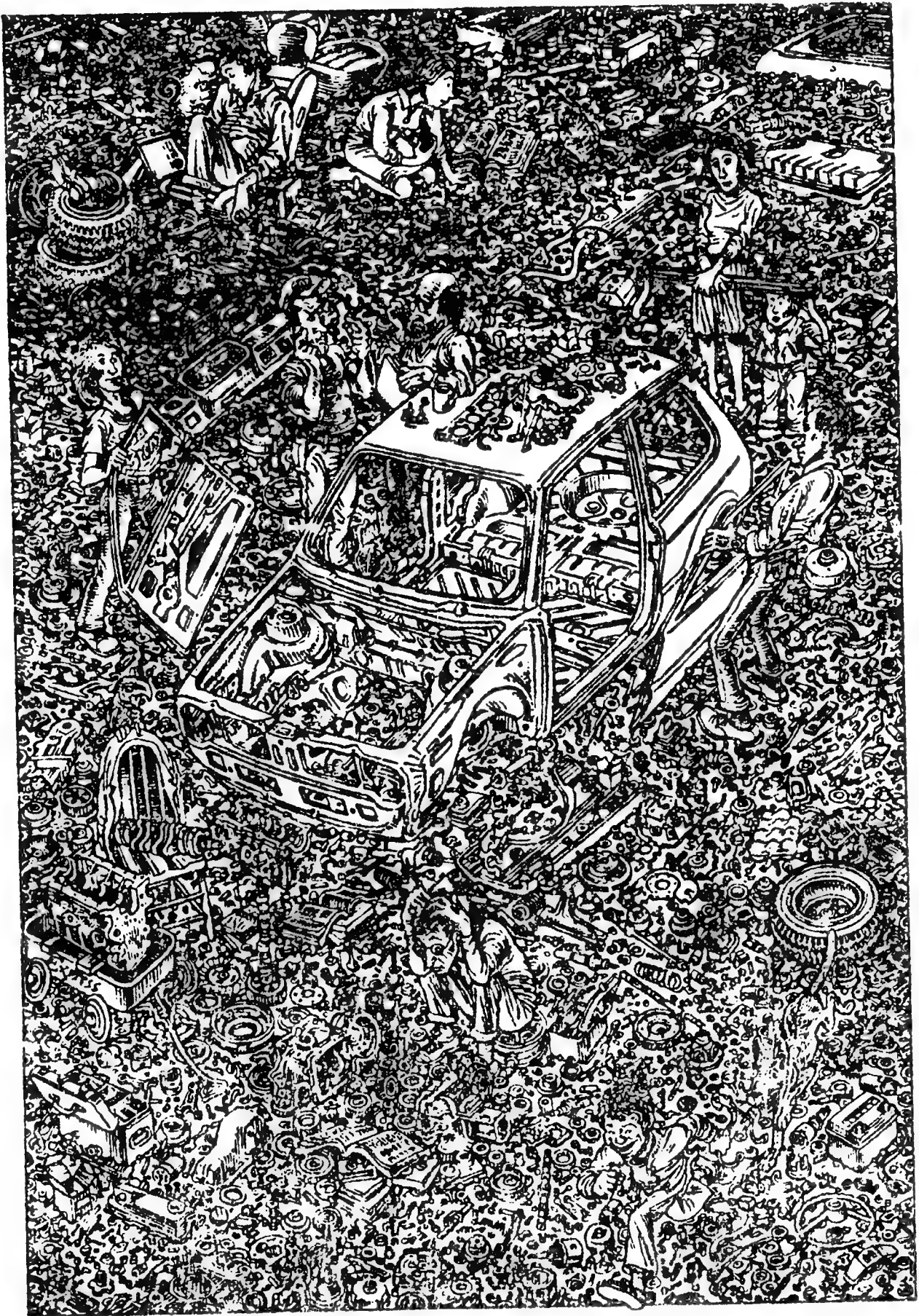
Next ish I will return with mailing comments, as well as more of the usual complaining.

In the mean time, you will be able to find me at Viscon, Crapicon, and after that, probably Carcon, Minicon, Xcon, and I don't know what else.

Stay calm

Eich





DR. GONZO'S EXTRAVAGANT EXTRAPOLATIONS

Greetings to the sporadic membership of ApaTech, from the persevering soul of Valli Hoski, 1116 Hull Terrace, Evanston IL 60202 and (132) 864-3504. Intended for ApaTech #17, being written in January, 1982.

STUCK IN CHICAGO, WITH THOSE WINTER BLUES AGAIN

The temperature outlook for the weekend, for the 3rd weekend in a row is cold and unforgiving. We have had record-breaking temperatures already (-28° F.) and last weekend was almost as cold. And more of it is on the way. This is getting boring, real quick. I long for palms swaying in the breeze, a turquoise ocean and a warm beach ~~complete with chorús of natives~~. Hey, sounds pretty good. I hear Mercury has a lovely summer this time of year. Wonder if Thompson's would arrange a tour package for me.

Since we last met, the trappings of the holiday season wound their merry way through my life, Windycon came and went rather pleasantly, and not much else is going on now except the cold. Next weekend is Confusion with our very own Phyllis Eisenstein as pro GoH. I am looking forward greatly to the con as I hope seeing all the fannish multitudes will help the doldrums that I now feel. This is the real slow time of the year for me, and I would be much happier if we could just drop the time between mid-January to late-February right off the calendar and seasonal flow.

If all I can fill this page up with is this blah natter, well then let's proceed onto the subject of most general interest, the mailing comments of course.

EXPOSITIONS, SUPPOSITIONS, & PROPOSITIONS ON A/T 16

Cover Ah, Greg this is why you are such an invaluable Shalmaneser!

ToC Yes it was a bit obnoxious not to receive A/T at Windycon as we expected.

But at least it came out, so I guess there's some hope.//Good to have the deadline issue resolved, at least semi-temporarily. Better than waiting a month after the deadline for extremely late zines. Better to have a skimpy disty than no disty at all.

Paul Twas only after reading this zine and your next one that I understood why the news and events in Chapter Two seemed so long ago. It's because they were long ago! (Gee, I am so intuitive!)//Aaah, more cartoons by Paul. They make me smile as much as a backrub does.//You're as much fun as other techies, so of course you belonged at D&G's Memorial Day beserker. It's always fun having you around, and besides who else besides me doesn't know a lot about transistors/mathematical derivations/chemistry? You remind us that it's possible to be a fun and likable person without having to a. play some instrument (be it ukelele, guitar, or kazoo), b. have the ultimate design for a mass driver, and c. be a physics/computer science/math major. There aren't all that many running around in G_T, so when you came along it was very nice and refreshing to have you there. Adding your unique talents to the pool of G_T makes us all the better for it.//Yes, your dailies do add a certain touch to Chicago fandom now. Personally I really like Aihok and Effex (sp?) and now Faye. Which reminds me, ooooooh, the look on your face when Aihok and Effex greeted you at Gretchen's house was so spectacular!//re yr ct re yr style and Vootie: the other drawings in Vootie may be more complicated than yours, but that does not necessarily cast aspersion on your works. Your characters are not highly technical drawings, admittedly, but they do exude a certain charm and style all their own. We still love them and you.//re Midwescon: how about playing cards again at this coming Midwescon? And I wonder what strange worldcon bid is going to get started over dinner this year?//

Paul (cont'd) What is Sanders Press?//You certainly don't sound like your
are complaining about fandom taking over all your free time.
I think you are enjoying it, or at least you look like you are. And we
certainly aren't complaining about having you around!//The US Post Awful
has a terrible record as far as A/T is concerned. Other fen's zines have
gotten lost or delayed horrendously before as well. Occasionally Dick will
just send a ~~CARE~~ package to Kalamazoo for A/T via UPS with about 4-5 zines
from different people in it, just cause it's significantly cheaper and much
more reliable.//Looking forward to seeing the new play you wrote that
Moebius is performing. Should be fantastic!

Rod Best wishes for your prospective move!

Bill Higgins 17 pages? Oh my, you are developing the symptom's of the
dreaded faanish disease - apa-hacking! ~~Oh no Uncle Bill!~~
Uh, um, is Maxwell Grant another author who is widely known in the world
of trivia of who I know nothing?//re Fr. Frank Perkovich and the Polka
Mass-ters: maybe they would play the Zero Gee Polka as the processional at
my wedding Mass if I asked them sweetly?//Say for some reason your Denver
trip report reminded me that I wanted to ask you if you had been an alter
boy? And if so, were you one back in the days when you had to learn the
Confiteor in Latin? I learned a lot of the responses that the congregation
gave in the old Latin Mass purely by rote after sitting, standing and kneeling
through them daily (except Saturday) for 7 years of grade school. When I
still hear "dominus vobiscum", my mind echoes "et cumspiri tu tuo" (not sure
about the spelling as it has been a while since I've seen the Latin). I
still like Tatum Ergo in Latin though. Loses something in English. I always
wanted to be an altar girl, and then the Pope decided that women were unfit
and unsuitable in the eyes of the Church to be anywhere near the priestly
role, and so altar girls and other roles of importance in the Church for
women were strongly discouraged. So much for my feeling close to the official
organizatinon which represents the god-who-loves-all. But that is another
point altogether. I always wondered how 8 and 9 yr olds could memorize all
the Latin that they needed to serve at Mass. Quite impressive.//What does a
Director of Liturgy do?//Yes, I liked Boulder a lot too. Much more so than
Denver. I didn't find it nearly as plastic or superficial as Vail though,
which looked like an air-dropped LA skiing suburb supreme. It just sort of
sits there along the side of the Interstate looking like a California developer's
dream of a winter-getaway for Marin County.//Kids are neat, yes, and a world
unto themselves. I feel so out of touch with children as no one I am
close to (family-wise or here in Chicago) has any, and so I have had little
or no contact with any young ones in a long time. It's scary to me to
even think about raising any.//Yes, RMNP is beautiful!//Your trip report was
interesting, although I will probably forget most of the names. Glad you
had a good time, as you certainly deserved a great vacation!//Hm, so you
searched Denvention in search of The Party and I searched Denvention in
search of The Worldcon.//Yes, Bill, I know if Chicago fen don't compile
a worldcon restaurant guide for '82, who will, right? ~~Oh oh twist by the somenote!~~
Can I ask you kindly for some art work for it then? Please, please?//
re yr ct Mike re Worldcons at a university: for shame on you! A loyal MSU
alumni forgetting that MSU is barren and empty around Labor Day as summer
quarter has long since ended and fall quarter is at least 2 weeks away? Keith's
worldcon bid idea doesn't sound all that implausible. Not that fen can be
easily convinced to vote for MSU in 88, but it's at least a fun alternative!
(And it just could possibly work out!)//re yr ct re suburbs of Chicago: the
membership rule in WindyApa has an extended Chicago metro area that stretches
to Kalamazoo, west to Aurora, south to Champaign and north to Milwaukee (or
that is the Chicago metro area as defined by the Tribune map), so including
Houghton, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, Ann Arbor, East Lansing and Rochester isn't
so absurrd as it may sound.//re yr apt., bills & sleep: I always knew I had
something in common with you!!

Dick Your little new blue VW is cute and comfortable, although it does shake and rattle a lot when it is cold. So when are you going to let me drive it again? (nudge/nudge)//Oh, it's nice to know that my typer is still capable of getting out legible zines.//Have you bought Soul of a New Machine yet? If so, perhaps I can finally read it.//Energumen 16 is definitely Hugo quality. If that is an example of what a good fanzine was like in the good old days then I have come into fandom a few years (at least) too late.//Thanks for UPSing all this stuff.

Self The zine was put in wrong. The top of the page was supposed to be on the left not the right so that the staples wouldn't chop off the bottom edge. But such is the way of apas.

Keith A ringy-dingy thingy? You have one? Oh my, you are so clever. A budding young poet in our midst.//re yr ct "so what do I do when I'm not bitcing and moaning about my career and my lot in life": certainly not writing apa zines, else you might have sounded more cheerful of late.//Gee, going hiking sure has changed from Scouting days. Instead of obtaining one's supplies at an Army Surplus store one must now go to an authentic outdoor equipment shop? I think I can handle prep chic a lot more tolerably than I can handle hiker chic.//Thanks for the review of Time Bandits. It's still playing around the Chicago area, so there may be some hope left to view it Real Soon Now.//re yr ct re Chicon restaurant guide: after Higgins', yours and other assorted cts, I might find myself being shamed into making an effort at a restaurant guide. Hm, I can't ask you for cartoons (since you don't usually draw them) nor restaurant reviews (it would be a tad difficult to run out to LA and back for a quick dinner) but there has to be something. Any suggestions?//re yr ct re suits becoming monotonous: I agree as just today I was really tempted to just go out and buy a nice fluffy dress as I have gotten tired of wearing jackets and skirts. What does a suit have to do with California/New York/Midwest animosity?//sigh* Alright so I can't tease you about California. I can't tease you about this or that. Conversation is going to get awfully dull, awfully fast. Why don't you bring a hot tub kit to Chicon. set it up in your room and have one of the best (and most innovative) techie parties ever? On:second thought, please don't, because knowing G_p, everyone would try and take it apart and then put it back together. And what would we do with all that water while the tub was being dismantled and remantled anyway?//Well, you still look nice when you are dressed up, so there. (Sorry but I can't repress all my compliments to my friends.)//re yr ct Mike re Rochester being provincial: if you think Rochester is provincial, you know what Herb thinks of it.//re yr ct Bill H re Boulder: we aren't all moving there for probably the same reasons that we all aren't moving to Chicago.//Marvelous MSU flyer!

Jeff Ah welcome!//Ah, great! A volunteer for the Cheap Fan's Guide to Eating at the Worldcon! I will welcome any and all suggestions regarding restaurants and whatnot, Jeff!

Jamie Welcome and nice to see you again in these pages!//Will we ever get to see you in the midwest again?//I will gladly write details of my job, but at some other time. I am a little tired of it now as several big projects got pushed out the door earlier in the month, so I would rather not write of it now. Later, ok?//re yr lst mc to Dick Smith: I don't believe you said that.//Hm, I can't remember how I wanted my GTIH entry changed now, but I will try and send you the appropriate information, perhaps in the guise of another MC in A/T. Oh, I can't find my last copy of the revised GTIH, is there any chance I could get another? Do I get one from you or from Jeff?//re yr re Tom Lehrer and Tomfoolery: I gave Dick the sound track from the play (with the British cast) for Christmas. He says it sounds ok but not much better than the original.//Hi to Gail from me, please.

Greg Speaking of Boston and MIT, have you met Dan Breslau yet? He is a native of Boston who came to U-Chicago and was involved in Chicago fandom for a while. He is back in Boston working, as a programmer (I think) and will return to Chicago and U-C in the fall.//sigh* I would love to get my next ish of A/T at Boskone, but shan't. If I came, I would probably never leave.//Thanks for the star maps, by the way, in case anyone hasn't said so lately.//Re science being one of the humanities: I have just begun to discover the fun stuff about chemistry, courtesy of Isaac Asimov's excellent treatment of the subject in Building Blocks of the Universe and The World of Carbon. Now I know why people have such fun in physics and chemistry.

Well tis the end of another round of Mailing Comments. Let me digress from the usual realm of techie talk and suggest some good winter reading, which is non sf and hence, non Hugo material.

Lately I have discovered and become a loyal ~~and fanatic~~ follower of two mystery authors whose styles and characters are similiar. Edmund Crispin and Jane Langton are delightful and definitely non-morbid writers. Crispin's main hero is an Oxford don named Gervase Fen who somehow gets involved with a lot of murders involving organists and small theatrical groups. But he never fails to save the day, and giving plenty of opportunity for everyone to appreciate (willingly or unwillingly) his humor. The setting of most of his adventures is either Oxford, or some small English town. Crispin's writing style is the important part of the story, not the grisly details of a murder. Definitely what I would call a more literary type of mystery novel.

Jane Langton shares Crispin's understatement of murder, but sets her novels all in Massachusetts. Homer Kelly, former Cambridge policeman and presently writer and part-time detective (usually being in the right place at the wrong time) is the primary character. However the personalities involved all share prominent roles in the novels; for example, Kelly is not fully introduced in the first novel until almost 2/3s of the way through. Mary, who becomes his wife, is the main character and receives the main thrust of the story. Langton paints her settings with great care and love; her portrayal of Nantucket and Harvard almost broke my heart as I wanted to be there so badly after reading her descriptions. Again, better than your usual pulp mystery, I recommend Langton for a nice, New England quiet sort of novel, with a great feeling for history.

Some suggested titles:

Crispin	Swan Song	Langton	The Transcendal Murder
	Moving Toy Shop		Dark Nantucket Noon
	The Long Divorce		The Memorial Hall Murder
	The Gilded Fly		
	Buried for Pleasure		
	(no organists or theatrical		
	groups in this one)		

Well that brings my latest literary kick to a close. It also brings us to the end of another issue of this valiant zine, and hopes of seeing some of the members of A/T at either Confusion in Plymouth next weekend or at Capricon next month or perhaps even Marcon in April. Til then, take care, enjoy the snow or sunshine, depending on whether you are a northern or southern resident, and may your blinkies be bright!

THE MUBETAN

The Life Cycle Of The Mubetan

MARCH,
1982

Written By Michael Brian Bentley
8,334,298,950.506 MGT
(March Issue, V. II I. II)

La Kontentojn

That Address is 38 Vick Park B
Rochester, Nyork 14607

Watch for "A Change Of
Address" Coming to your Apatech
SOON! (yes, another one.)

(OK, ok, it MAY be 8 Brighton
St. Rochester, Nyork, with the ZIP
slightly different.

Bookes Reade

The Soul Of A New Machine

Bookes Almoste Reade

The Sword Of The Lictor

Movies Visibled

Time Bandits

Cons Goed

Windycon

Ishercon

Contradiction

Confusion

Continuation of Same

Advertising Done (Chuck Ott, Esq.)

Behold, Starside!

Programs in Writing

Working Title a Secret (TM)

Oh YEAH Dept.

New Job

Complaints

Apatech? Who's got it now?

BEHOLD, NONREDUX HARD COPY!!
Alice was complaining that she
didn't understand why I reduced my
copy so much. Well, We are all
about to find out.

The Soul Of A New Machine Tracy Kidder

I've Been Tuned to the
pro/con of this work since it was
released. A good writer, unattuned
to the ways of computerdom's
"inner circles," was permitted to
watch the evolutions of an impor-
tant project in Data General
Corp., a highly competitive mini-
computer firm.

Data General is a major cor-
poration that of late has been
doing a fair job of beating back
(at least in their adverts) white
hat companies such as The Digital
Equipment Corporation (DEC) and
Hewlett Packard (HP). What you see
in SOUL is an accurate description
of what goes on in one part of the
company.

Reviews in the electronics
magazines have been consistent;
the book is great, but the project
it illuminates is not.

The public press, however, is
a different matter. People have
read this text with admiring
fascination. What is the
difference in viewpoint, and why
is there such a difference?

Two things. The first is a
clear understaining of the
environment and the meaning of
"engineering." The second is the
recognition of the project's
motivations.

People aren't consciously
cognizant of the fact that the
Eagle project was born and raised
in the ashes of a failed
management system. Either they've

seen it too many times and accept the fact that "it happens all the time everywhere," or they're paying no attention to the world around the main characters. They don't say to themselves, "Why is he doing that?"

If you've read the book, what do you think the project members motivations were?

For those who didn't; Management said that the other project had failed to produce on schedule, that the company is going to be dirt in a couple years, if they don't get a competitive product out the door.

The first thing the project did was to hire some unattached lensmen right out of college. They knew that nobody already in the working environ would normally work 18 hour days for the next year, hence the green cannon fodder.

The second thing they did was to schedule the project so that every conceivable decent engineering practice went out the door with the 8 hour workday. There are things you can and can't do; one of them is to speed up the human mind. The brain makes a shitty single processor configuration -- you cannot tell it to get something done faster than normal and expect it to do a thorough job.

The result of the whole thing is that a simple machine was designed and built. Perhaps not in as reliable a form (relative to the competition) in the long term, but since management's specifications were so simple [THOU SHALT NOT USE A MODE BIT!] [THOU SHALT BUILD THE NEW MACHINE AS A SUPERSET TO THE OLD ONES!!] a simple, moronic machine resulted.

Most of the members of the project team burned out. For the sake of the corporation, the humans became sacrifices. The strain must have been phenomenal.

The resulting machine turned out to just barely be faster than the targeted competition, despite some elaborate hunks of Speedy Gonzalez in the hardware. Oops. However, the purpose of the machine was to MERELY EXIST. It existing means that DG's market share would no longer drop like a rock relative to DEC; DEC's sales had been zooming merrily along with only minor blocking by the likes of Prime and Perkin Elmer, two other minicomputer makers. The pain and agony suffered by some of America's most endowed computer buffs, having to put up with as mercenary a management, is vividly described.

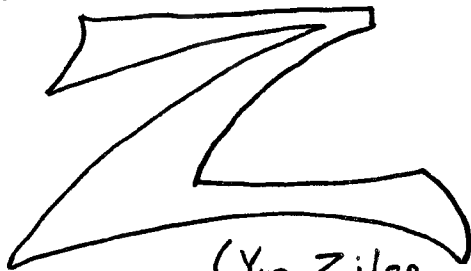
Soul illustrates the prime example of how NOT to do something, from tiers corporate to the mailroom.

It must be noted that it appears that DG is still attempting to evolve some products from the project that "failed" before Eagle started. What comes out of the FHP project is one topic of discussion; be it noted that I understand that not EVERYONE builds machines like the Eagle project proponents do.

Incidentally, the FHP project (The FountainHead Project) is being conducted down in North Carolina, close to the Research Triangle, a place I may move to one day to avoid these nutso winters.

The Soul Of A New Machine is highly recommended.

Theory



(Yup, Zilog
tried to copyright
this letter!)

Theory Z
William G. Ouchi

This is a follow-up reading of mine. It's one of those books with the words BEST SELLER stamped on the front, so I approached cautiously.

"Best Seller" this time meant "sole several thousand copies in hardcover" instead of "advertising gimmick" so I bought it."

Theory Z contains a rational looksee into the differences between the Japanese and American working environments. The text goes into why American companies tend to compete unfavorably with Japanese companies. The text cites many contrasting and meaningful examples.

By the end, you understand who, what, and why Theory Z for Americans may be a good compromise solution between the past American tendencies and the "alien" practices of the Japanese. You will know what the Japanese do and why such practices would be impossible here.

One of the kickers in the text is that American society is naturally optimized for rural (agricultural) businesses; large expanses of land, low concentrations of people, mind your own stuff. The Japanese society is

much more URBAN; high population concentrations, work optimally as part of a group. For example, Japanese offices are not segregated into large rooms with single occupant short-walled cubes, they are packed to the gills with desks without partitions.

Theory Z companies in the US: Kodak, IBM, and others. Recommended. Learn modern Japanese society thought this book, in context with your (our) own.

Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo
Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo Fillo

I need a notebook system, cuz I forget to do more things than is safe. Many people missed getting my last ApaTech submission, so I'm sending a DUPLICATE with this one.



Time Bandits

I loved it. Give it a HUGO? No. Nobody gets my Hugo vote this year. I saw well done fantasies, with some flaws, but I hesitate. Bandits and Slayer and that Lucas-Spielberg thing about the Ark and "Why'd It Have To Be Snakes" are great, but I think they all have a great big HOWEVER tied to their aspirations.

Bandits has no pretensions of being anything but kiddie fodder (I knew it right off, being a kid). Make the mistake of looking at it askew, and it is riddled with problems. Bandits is the best of the three films. I dunno, I may have a block against adventure/fantasy films for Hugos.

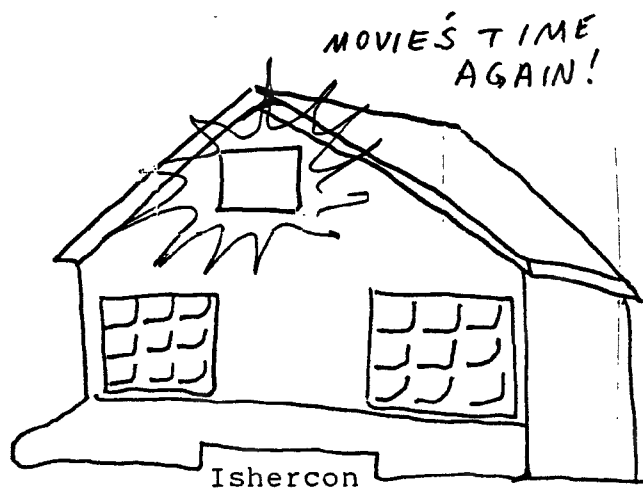
NEWS FROM LUCASFILMS

SO, you wondered what Lucas was doing with all that money he made making his first StarWars film? He has to spend THAT first before he gets around to spending stuff from the second film, you know.

Ted Nelson gives us a report through Creative Computing, March 1982.

"A quiet but dominating Presence at the Siggraph conference, described here, were perhaps two dozen delegates from a galaxy far, far away: Lucasfilms, a big spread north of San Fransisco where Jedi Master George Lucas is putting together THE computer graphics studio.

"All we know for sure is that a great deal of money, rumored to be in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars, is going into it."



Isher was comfortable and cozy. We Brought Sheila Groves with us from Rochester NYork. Before we hit Isher, we stopped in at Chicago for some supplies, stuffed pizza (Sheila ain't never seen that stuff before, heehee), and a Doug and Gretchen New Year's

Event.

Sheila, Sheila

Sheila loved Isher. After staying there for the con. She was seriously thinking about moving there NOW. After talking her out of it, she moved out of Rochester to Geneseo (20 miles due inland) at a blink-of-an-eye's notice.

The Feel of the Party
(In a nice way)

The Ishercon Critical Mass wasn't there, meaning that absolutely NO out of the ordinary GT trademark things were done. Poor ole Skef had to be back making Solti Magnets (heh) during the graveyard shift on Saturday Night/Sunday Morning. The GT trademark FRIENDLYNESS, without the crazeeness, illuminated the hallowed halls abll by its lone-some. The stop at Starworld, a magnum video games palace with marginal pinball machines and FLAT pizza, was interesting -- I didn't think it was possible for a science fiction fan group of a substantial fiction count to sit boy-girl-boy-girl all the way around the table. Still Don't. It didn't happen. Nope. (?!)

AMAZING.

Windycon

I, amazingly enuf, didn't miss Windycon, although I did miss Chambanacn, and I'm RATHER MAD ABOUT THAT.

Windycon was wonderful. I watched the concom have an exasperating time kicking out a mammoth ameboid-like creature called NBC from an overly long 25th anniversary celebration in

our hotel.

The artshow contained PTUI art. It was terrible.

The huxter tables were entertaining.

The parties were numerous and wonderful!

I saw people there I hadn't seen since...since...wow! BONNIE JONES was there! She's now doing the Northeastern University (In Chicago) route...last I heard she's off to Boskone. It's rather amazing how many calls we've got here in Rochester asking for her address... near as I can tell, she doesn't mind the attention, but don't take MY word for that.

BIG EVENT

Went to a panel discussion (read: was on the FAR END of panel at discussion) on why GT is falling on its collective nose of late. Seems we're beginning to become ingrown, old hatters, fuddy duddies, Seen It All Jacks, etc.

The old projects in computerdom were neuvolithic; build something like a robot, and few people have done it before, or build a home computer, and wow your friends.

DISBELIEF

NOWADAYS its software, and that takes a year or two to finish the first draft. Interesting robots are very involved and tiring. People have been trying for years to get people interested in ham radio, with minor successes. What is it, the recession? Where has the spark gone? We have members working at Cray Research, Fermilab, Hughes Aircraft; we have people that steer orbiting satellites and build monster software

packages that control HUGE chemical plants. We, with members doing bizarre things at Kodak, Xerox, IBM, GTE Telenet, Bell Labs, and Honeywell, with members studying wonderful things at the University of Chicago, MSU, UnivILL, and Northwestern, with managers of computer stores and masters of 370s, weather experts, artists, psychologists, -- anything with an IST ending on it -- and we're not doing anything far out these days.

I don't buy it.

DON'T forget to spread the word about the GT tinkertoy project! Where GT gets an area cordoned off for big kids of 20-90 years of age to play with an infinite supply of old Tinkertoys donated by the CHICON IV science fiction worldcon attendees. Said Tinkertoy collection will then be donated to causes worthy and childrenesque.

Contradiction

Here's a con I won't be going to twice. It was held at John's Niagra Hotel, a sleezebag with not especially good rates and no pool. The marble main hall is actually a large hall covered with several different color paints and marble contact paper.

PIECE de RESISTANCE

The art show was unrivalled in splendor. Phenomenal! The art auction was terrible; with the Sunday auction, most of the art went up and down with the original bidder the winner.

THE PARTIES!!!

The parties...well, Its been a while, I don't remember the parties...

5

SIDESHOWS

There was a slide show on The Dark Crystal, or Muppets Strike Back, with Jim Henson and Brian Froud ganging up on our senses and sense of wonder. Care to wager who gets The Movie Hugo next year?

BARREL OF EYEDROPS

Niagra Falls is right across the street from the con hotel, but since the con is held during the early winter, everything is sprayed with ice. No fun!

AGAIN, DEAR?

Contradiction II will be held déjà vu style in 1982, same time, same channel. I won't be there.

By JOHN HUEY

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

ATLANTA — Outside the Civic Center, klieg lights scan the sky, glancing off 30-foot-tall balloons of Coke cans and bottles. Inside, conductor Robert Shaw and 35 members of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra are poised to rise on a hydraulic stage in the midst of a multimedia blizzard.

The live musical prelude, overdubbed with a full orchestra in wraparound stereo, is a short takeoff on Beethoven's Fifth, and it builds to a crescendo as images from some 35 Xenon slide projectors, Eidophor television projectors and interlocked 35mm and 16mm film projectors bounce off walls, standard screens and 20 giant balloon screens suspended from the ceiling. A cast of 100 singers and dancers gyrates in the aisles and on the auditorium's stage.

Who says Coca-Cola Co. doesn't know beans about show biz? This is the biggest premier in the company's history, and it has nothing to do with Coke's going Hollywood through its recently proposed acquisition of Columbia Pictures.

The fanfare came with the unveiling last night of eight little television commercials that mark the beginning of the company's new ad campaign. "Coke and a smile" is out; "Coke Is It" is in.

Confusion

On the other hand, here is an olde pastime that is gold in some eyes and blackest coal in others. Confusion was run very well, ex-

cept for a minor artshow snag. The jacuzzi was filled with 12 fen (!) after the maint guy visited our crowd of 30+. The pool was warm, the small breakfast restaurant shafted the usual number of fen with outrageously Rip van Winkle-ish service (I was served promptly two times, and pokishly the third), and the rooms of the outer perimeter of the hotel were cold. ROGER GREGORY, the one who sleeps with an Onyx z8000 system in a large safe with the door open, brought and demonstrated a physically portable Unix system and the rudiments of a Xanadu system. Rather interesting, though I think they're going to need at least a 432 system or more to get things running at a respectable rate. I WISH I had one of those, though.

POWIE!

And lo, for there was snow.

The Detroit area (including Plymouth) was belted with a Gonzo-grade festering of white-ish crystals. Snow, that is. Rochester got snow and freezing rain on top of that (Rochester and Buffalo get insulted if ANYONE gets hit worse than they do, so they seed the clouds and invite trouble). The trip back after the extra day at the con hotel was uneventful, but the ice had bonded a layer of snow on non-garaged cars everywhere in sight in Rochester, which made things tough for Mike Short, who had to dynamite the layer to see out the windshield.

EGGPLANT THAT ATE CHICAGO

Chicagoans were everywhere. Makes me think Chicon IV is going to be a monster hit despite confusion at the Most High. Seems that most other congoers petered out Sunday night, so that all that remained were Canadiens, Chicagoans, and minor contingents from elsewhere.

HELLO, THURSDAY NIGHT, WHEREEVER
YOU ALL ARE!!

EXASPERATION

AI and I won't be hitting Capricorn cuz of moneyfications. We wish Mobius the worst of stage fright (like "break a leg"), and we also wish that the entire conglom to relax "after hours" in the pool on the fifth floor of the hotel. I remember that hotel. If there is a way to hit the 44th floor, there may STILL be some grafitti up there from Windycon 3!

Complaints.

Someone has my last Apatech previous to this issuance. Since THEY have it, and I don't, I therefore once again fail to do a substantial comments section (for a different reason this time).

COMPUTER SMOFFING

The one comment for the moment is for those JAMIE HANRAHANS in LA: I wouldn't run VMS on a 68K or a 432, yet I'm inclined to be able to run Unix on those and other machines. I don't care that much about efficient use of a machine by a product sold today, because it seems rather inevitable that if the product is popular, it will improve with age. UNIX seems to be doing that fairly well. VMS will not be the most popular operating system of all time, and although it has advantages, I expect UNIX to outsell VMS for small and medium size Vax's, if not for the entire line.



STARSIDE ENGINEERING

BLAZE/pascal

Be half done with your next PASCAL/MT+ project before you start! BLAZE/lib provides five libraries of utility functions and procedures:

Standard Utility Library: Number/string conversions, advanced string manipulation, chaining, BDOS calls, character tests, parser primitives, more.

Disk Utility Library: Directory search, disk reset, file size & free space determination, rename.

Terminal Dependent Library: X/Y cursor control, clearline, clearpage, home. We provide code for many popular terminals, plus source and instructions to implement functions for other terminals.

Screen Utility Library: Configurable screen entry and display functions using the above library. Now your CP/M applications can use full screen control and run on many different terminals and VDM boards.

Character Level File I/O Library: Provides character file I/O similar to that used in the C programming language: getc, openc, closec, putc, ungetc. More versatile than GNC and WNB.

ALSO: Inside info on bugs and undocumented "features" of PASCAL/MT+, and a completely new Librarian program for creating your own utility libraries. OEM's note: You pay no royalties on .COM files sold which incorporate the BLAZE routines.

Manual \$15

.ERL \$75

Full Source \$200

PHONEDEx

We call it "The Electronic Little Black Book." Phonedex picks up where mailing list programs like NAD leave off. It does everything a good mailing list program should do:

- ✓ Prints mailing labels up to 4 across
- ✓ Sorts on any field including 9-digit Zip code
- ✓ Allows four or five line addresses
- ✓ 6-digit Zip field for Canadian codes
- ✓ 20 characters user-defined data space
- ✓ Intelligent record extraction to new file—extract on any field, use wildcards, and have the option to review records on the screen before extract so you can turn "thumbs down" before they move.

Phonedex adds these features as well:

- ✓ You write the screen prompts. If the 2nd address line is the company name, you can make its screen prompt read "Company Name ▶"
- ✓ Print out your address/phone list as a "little black book." Two cuts on a paper cutter make it fit in a pocket memo book—and Phonedex even prints the dotted lines to cut on.
- ✓ If you have a D.C. Hayes Smartmodem, Phonedex will dial the phone for you.
- ✓ If the number you're dialing is a computer bulletin board or timesharing system, Phonedex acts as a terminal program. Dialer/terminal source is included.

Phonedex is pure machine code and stands alone—no slow, expensive BASIC interpreter to own.

Phonedex requires 48K CP/M, a screen 64 characters wide or wider, and one double density or two single density 8" disks in IBM or Radio Shack Model 2 format. (5¼" disks won't work.) Reassembly of dialer/terminal may be required.

\$49.95

Manual alone \$15

RUNIC 80

If FORTH has you completely confused, you might want to try Runic. Runic 80 is a complete threaded code interpreter for CP/M, designed for the newcomer to languages like FORTH and STOIC.

Runic retains the user friendliness of BASIC while introducing you to concepts like the Stack, Dictionaries, Words, and Reverse Polish notation.

Runic is extensible—you build your own custom commands right into the language. There's no need for hassling with subroutine libraries.

Other features of Runic include string and integer data types, recursion, autostart, and a random number generator.

The complete Runic 80 package includes the Runic 80 interpreter, several sample programs, the Runic 80 User's Manual, and a programmer's reference card.

\$49.95

Manual alone \$15

STARSIDE ENGINEERING
PO Box 8306 Rochester, NY 14618

TRUE NITPICKING

I do not think UNIX is solid gold. I wouldn't mind redesigning it. Take me a few years. I expect AT&T to take Unix and make it a vast moneymaker, with the cooperation of several supporting vendors. I think this force will be rather formidable in four years, if it isn't already.

BENCHMARKS

ILLIAC: The plug has been pulled on the Illiac IV parallel processor at NASA's Ames Research Center, Moffett Field, Calif. The aged mainframe consisted of 64 processing elements and a single control unit to perform the instruction decoding and program control. It was said to have had an effective processing speed of more than 150 million operations per second, but more typically ran at about a third of that. Conceived in the early 1960s at the University of Illinois, the unique computer was nurtured by the Advanced Research Projects Agency of the DOD. It contracted Burroughs Corp. in '67 to design, develop, and manufacture the machine, and in 1970 reached an agreement with NASA to install the new computer at Ames. Delivery in '72 was followed by the completion of acceptance tests in early '73 at the California facility, after an expenditure of more than \$30 million. It is being replaced by a Cray-1.

Life Of a

NEW JOB

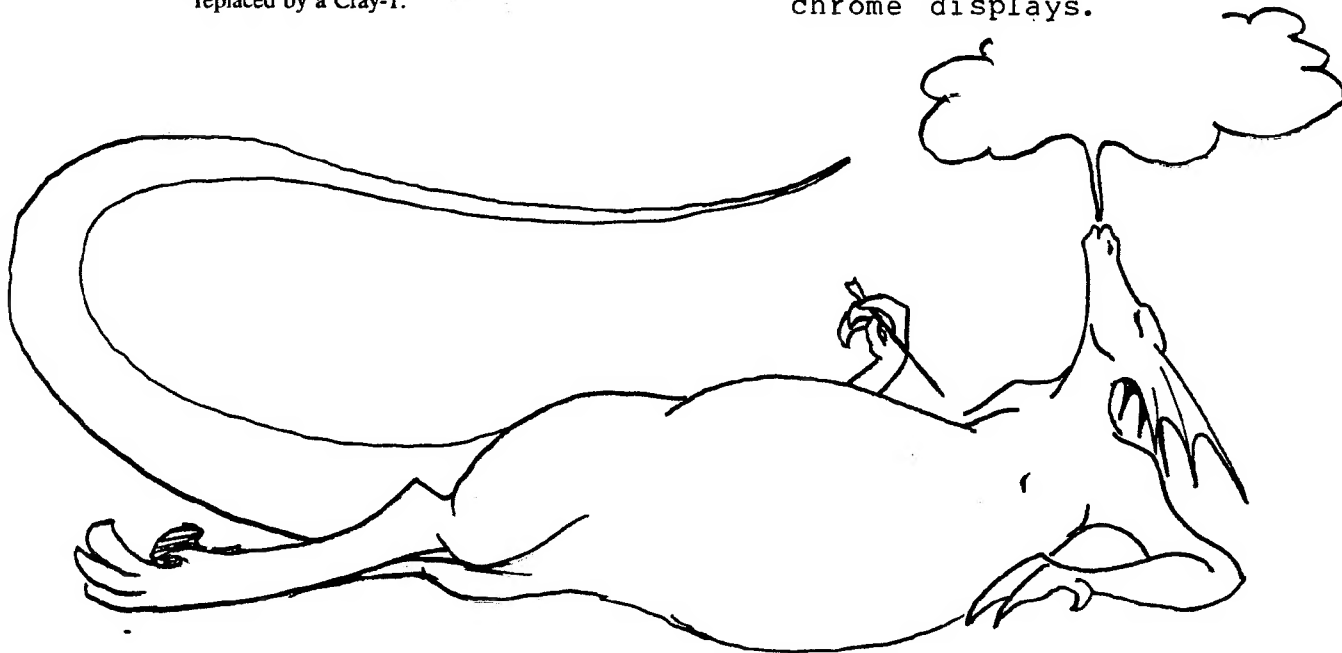
I have been offered a new job at a place called Scientific Calculations, Inc. I have accepted. Hands down.

WILDERNESS

SCI is at first glance (all I've had so far) a very interesting outfit. Envision a picturesque area of tree-covered hills (and snow-covered trees) with single lane roads and small, sparsely placed industrial/commercial buildings. You look to the right of the road and notice an out of place fortress. Red brick, squat, and bright, SCI sits 15 miles away from chaotic Rochester.

BOOKS BY THEIR COVER...

Inside is a large concentration of redhot technology in the form of Primes, Vaxes, and large high resolution color and monochrome displays.



New 16/32 Bit Power!!!

Model 16...from 4999⁰⁰

Radio Shack's engineers harnessed the power of much more expensive minicomputers—and put it in a compact system that fits on your desk.

- **Not One But Two Microprocessors.** Model 16 features a state-of-the-art MC68000 microprocessor which accepts 16-bit data and processes it internally as 32-bit "words." A second processor (Z-80A) is used for input/output and other "housekeeping chores." The result is a computer that's vastly more powerful and faster than the more familiar 8-bit micros (and even several other conventional 16-bit computers!)

- **Up to One-Half Million Characters of Internal Memory.** Model 16 comes with 128K bytes (128,000 characters) of Random Access Memory (RAM) that can be expanded to 512K.

- **Built-in 1.25 Megabyte Disk Drive.** An all new, slim-line 8" disk drive stores 1,250,000 characters on a single disk. For \$5798, your Model 16 can have two internal disk drives for 2.5 megabytes of storage. And Model 16 is externally expandable to 33 megabytes!

- **Multi-User Office System.** Two remote terminals can access different programs on the Model 16—even as it's in use by the Model 16 operator! (Available mid-1982).

- **Software Compatible with Our Popular TRS-80 Model II.** Model 16's Z-80A processor allows it to function as a Model II so you can use any of our ready-to-run Model II programs!

Note to Model II Owners: Your TRS-80 Model II can be up-graded with Model 16's 16-bit microprocessor and 128K of memory (expandable to 256K) for only \$1499, plus installation.

Howzat for a

DIABLO HiTYPE I. ? →

BEHOLD

The period is coated with metal, 9
the software is in MT+Pascal
written

SCI provides automatic routing facilities; ways to design IC chips and printed circuit boards on a display. I report to someone who's a Vice President of a "Special Projects" group. How wonderfully mysterious!

It's going to be a good change. There is a shopping mall down the way, which appears to be the only sign of glitterciv for miles. It's a long commute, even in Chicago standards (people with smarts ride the train from Highwood to the Loop; my equivalent is my Fafrd, a gas-eating van).

I'll write some more when this story is more complete. They may let me play with the existing board design tools (plotters, displays, etc ad nauseum...) to design a goshwow 432 system with 5 to 10 Meg of RAM, some PROM, and a generic IO IP board. If I build THAT, I will be a Mensch...

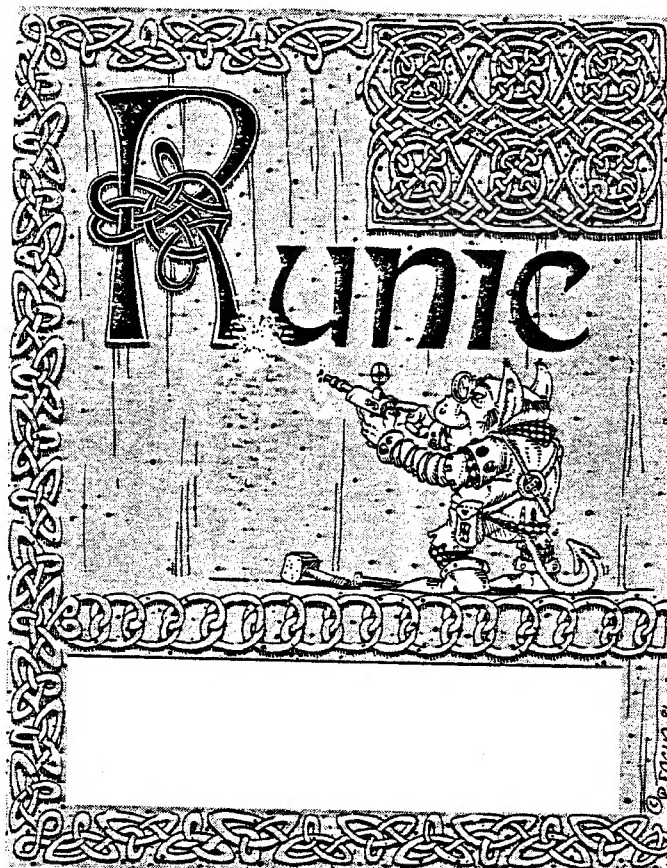
Some of Coca-Cola's Ad Themes Through the Years

- 1886 Drink Coca-Cola
 - 1905 Coca-Cola revives and sustains
 - 1906 The Great National Temperance Beverage
 - 1922 Thirst knows no season
 - 1925 Six million a day
 - 1927 Around the corner from everywhere
 - 1929 The pause that refreshes
 - 1938 The best friend thirst ever had
 - 1948 Where there's Coke there's hospitality
 - 1949 Along the highway to anywhere
 - 1952 What you want is a Coke
 - 1956 Makes good things taste better
 - 1957 Sign of good taste
 - 1958 The cold, crisp taste of Coke
 - 1963 Things go better with Coke
 - 1970 It's the real thing
 - 1971 I'd like to buy the world a Coke
 - 1975 Look up, America
 - 1976 Coke adds life
 - 1979 Have a Coke and a smile
-

Star Side
Covers by

Phil Foglio

Other covers +
programs to be
continued eded...



HOME SOFTWARE PROJECT

Beyond that, not much to tell. My software project is coming along. It involves electronic mail, and I'll be aiming it for computer clubs (into the lion's den, heathen!) and small commercial concerns. I wrote the entire thing in MT+ Pascal, thanks to modular compilation (thank you! THANK YOU!). Meanwhile, somewhere in this zine is a Starside Engineering Advert.

As I type this, I am struggling to also get my project running and a BIOS written for Bob Halloran's jinxed computer system. I DESPISE CP/M bios writing.

Enuf said. That should be about six pages worth, no?

Seeya next time!

